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Picture on silk

The *tatami*-maker, cross-legged, weaving his sweet-smelling rush mats. The lantern-painter, plying a bright-charged brush. Quaint wooden *kokeshi* dolls—and rich-costumed Kyoto puppets. Pottery and painted fans. Lacquer work and *satsuma*. Even in modern, industry-teeming Japan, the traditional arts apply. And not least in the manufacture of silk . . . the heavy, natural silk of the East. Despite the competition of synthetic fibres, silk production is still an important industry in Japan—and the production of mulberry leaves, sole food of the silkworm, is important for many farmers. Field after field is fringed by its row of mulberry bushes, and the crop ranks eighth in order in Japanese agriculture.

But what is food for one wanted insect is food also

for the unwanted: mulberry leaves are equally as attractive to destructive pests as they are to silkworms, and until recently it was estimated that some 10% of the entire crop was lost annually to a variety of insects, particularly the voracious larvae of the mulberry pyralid moth (*Margaronia pyloalis* Walker). Many of these leaf-eating pests attack right up to harvest-time, and for fear of destroying the silkworms also, insecticides which might leave toxic residues cannot be used. '*Shikata ga nai*', the Japanese farmers used to say philosophically. 'There is nothing one can do about it.'

Today, however, the picture on silk has changed. Tests with Phosdrin, Shell's important and powerful new systemic insecticide, have shown that not only

can a complete and rapid kill of the pyralid moth be obtained with concentrations as low as .025% to .05%, but that the mulberry leaves can be fed perfectly safely to the silkworms *within five days of application*. Phosdrin not only kills quickly—it is itself quickly dissipated into harmless compounds. This new Shell pesticide has a vast potential use on crops threatened with close-to-harvest infestation.

Phosdrin

Trade Mark

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IN AGRICULTURE . . . YOU CAN BE SURE OF



CHEMICALS



Cat's lick...

Not every kind of dirt can be dissolved—or licked away—by traditional methods of cleaning. Nor, where garments are concerned, is wet cleaning always the answer. Many common forms of 'soil'—such as oil and grease—are *insoluble* in water and so cannot be removed by water alone. Put hydrocarbon solvents *will* remove them. And solvents of this sort are the basis of modern dry-cleaning techniques. Each year, many thousands of tons of Shell-produced, high-quality hydrocarbon solvents are used by dry-cleaners throughout the world.

Yet, strange as it may sound, even in dry-cleaning, water is still wanted. To cope with water-soluble stains which hydrocarbon solvents cannot disperse, Shell-produced dry-cleaning 'aids' are now in general use in the industry. These 'aids' enable a trace of water to be dispersed throughout the solvent, with the result that the cleaning process can cope with all kinds of 'soil', both soluble and insoluble in water.

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The Shell solvent range covers not only the hydrocarbon series serving many extraction industries, dry-cleaning, paints, polishes, printing-inks and rubber—to name only a few—but a wide series of chemical solvents embracing ketones (acetone, methyl ethyl ketone and methyl isobutyl ketone), alcohols and ethers. In each and every case—as you would expect from Shell—purity and chemical stability are exceptional, and the products are manufactured to extremely close specification limits.

IN INDUSTRY... YOU CAN BE SURE OF



CHEMICALS

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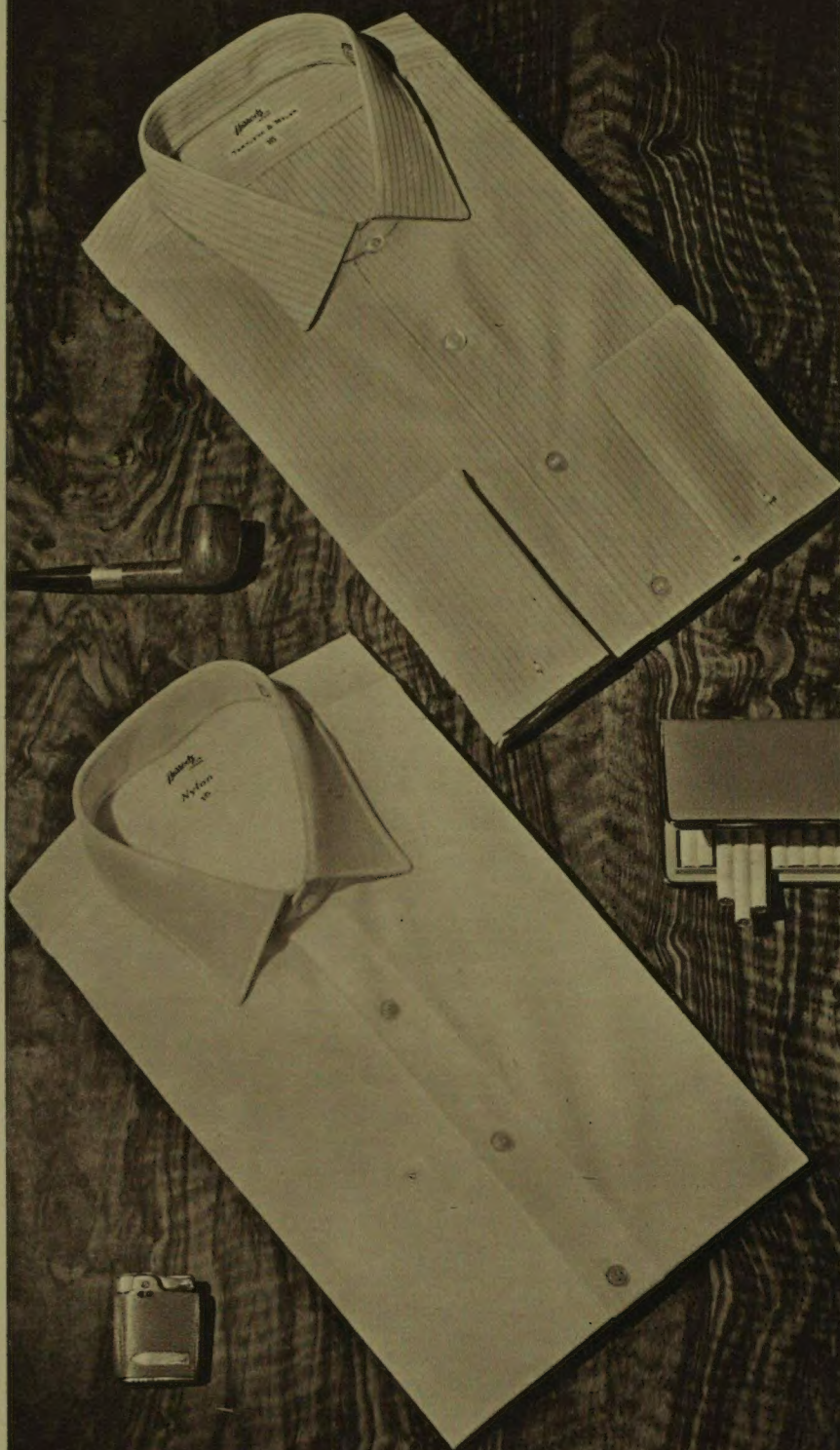
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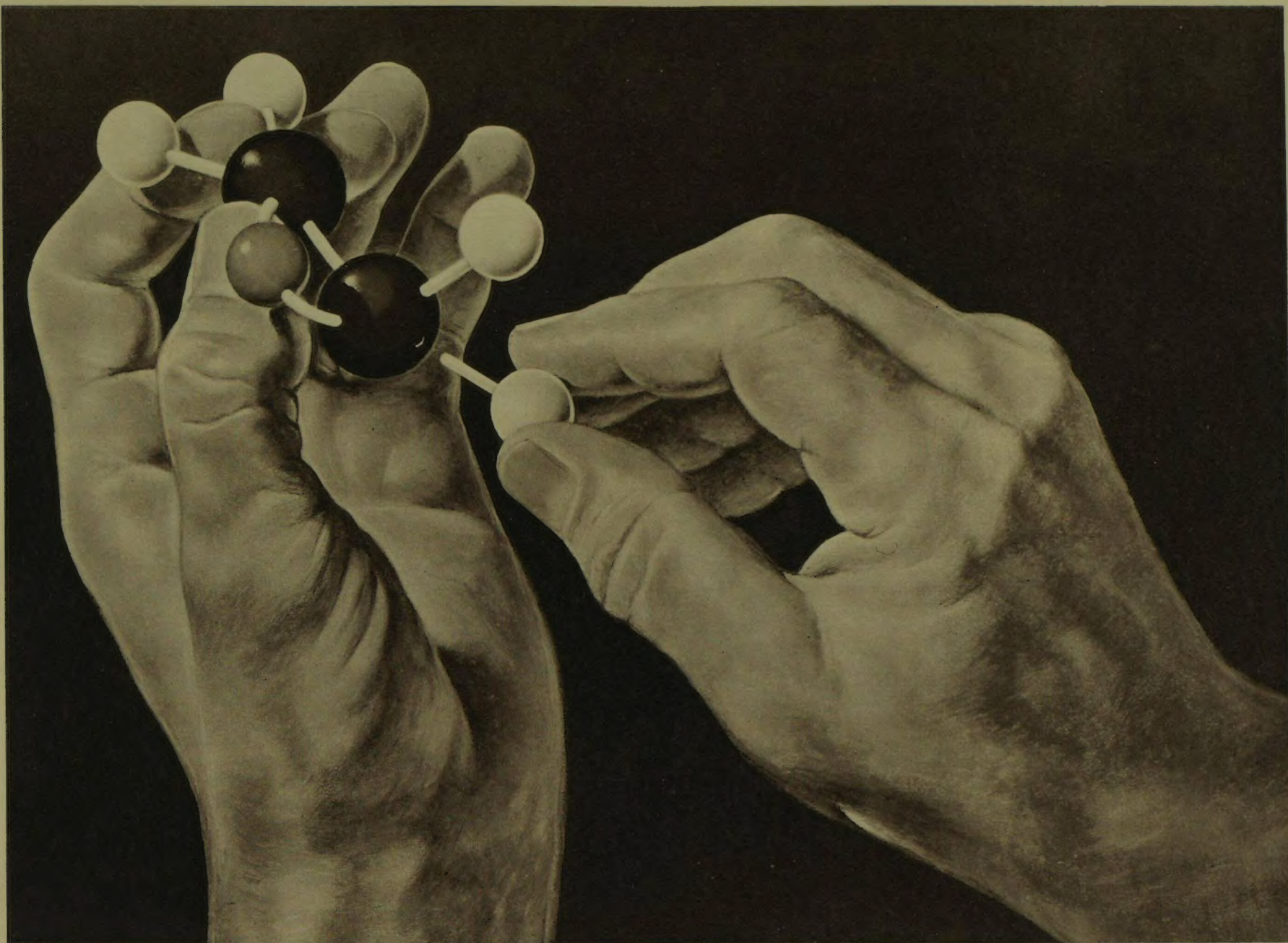


Shirts for modern living



News from Harrods—two wonderful new shirts that look after themselves... one in nylon and 'Terylene'; one in nylon alone: both are collar attached. These shirts are really simple to wash, will drip-dry, and need never be ironed (in fact, mustn't be ironed!). The very smart collars will always retain their immaculate set. Each costs 75/-.

Harrods



Molecular model of ethylene oxide—one of the basic building blocks in UNION CARBIDE'S chemistry.

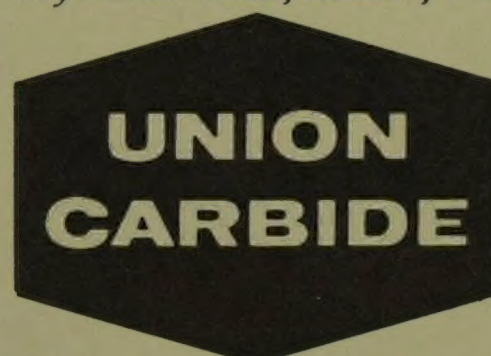
Helping to shape the future

Ever wonder what's behind the steady stream of new and better products we enjoy today? The answer is research by men and women with driving curiosity and bold imagination.

Synthetic chemicals created by the people of UNION CARBIDE have helped make possible the latest wonder drugs, glamorous textiles, work-saving detergents, and fast-drying paints and lacquers. And in the ever-changing world of plastics, the work of UNION CARBIDE scientists has helped bring you everything from scuff-resistant flooring and unbreakable gramophone records to transparent polyethylene wrapping that preserves the original flavour of foods.

These innovations are only a suggestion of the wonderful things that will come from tomorrow's research . . . the kind of research that's being carried out constantly in the laboratories of UNION CARBIDE.

A new UNION CARBIDE chemicals plant is scheduled to commence production at Fawley, Hants, in the last quarter of this year. It will produce ethylene oxide and its derivatives. More information about the Materials which will be available, together with details of the alloys, barium getters, and plastics already produced and sold in Great Britain, can be obtained from Union Carbide Ltd., 103 Mount Street, London, W.1.



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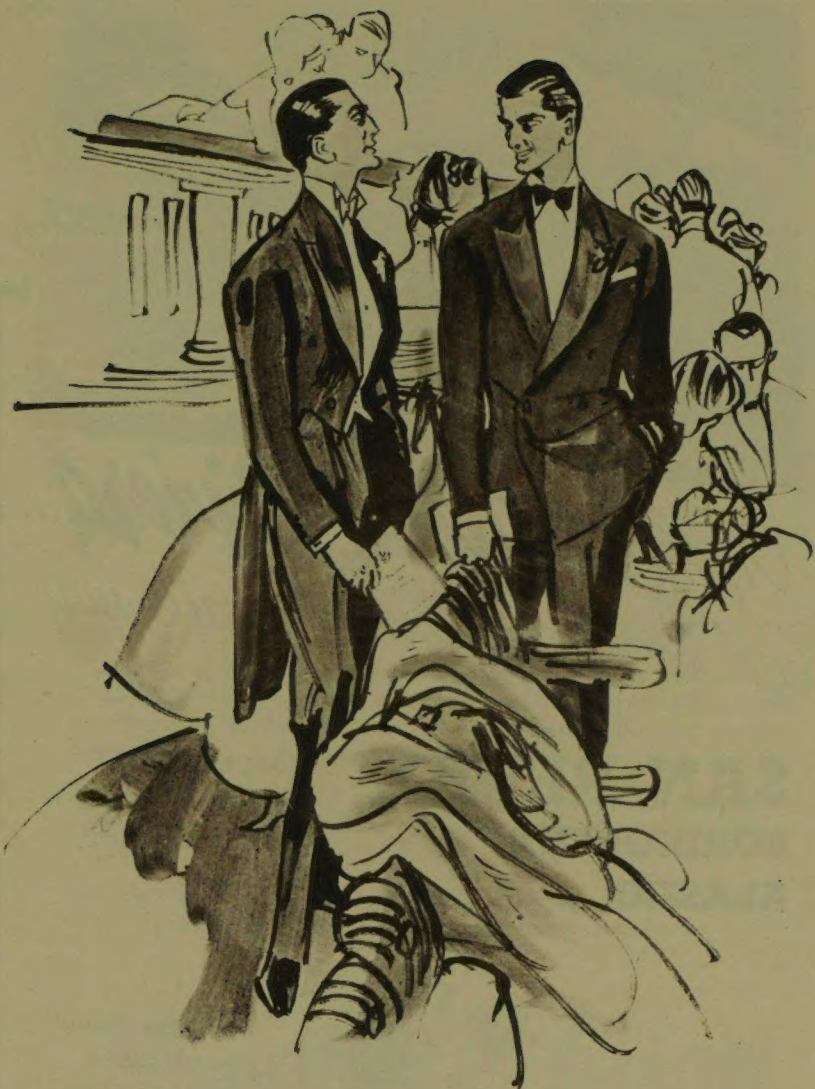
WHATEVER OUTWARD ASPECT a ship may bear, its underlying strength depends on a well constructed hull. At Vickers yards today, this structure is practically all welded and grows from the building berth as one giant fabricated section after another is skilfully manoeuvred into position. As unit is welded to unit, strength is piled on strength, until the hull is a match for the sea's might. Time

alone can prove a job well done, and talent can only be acquired by time.



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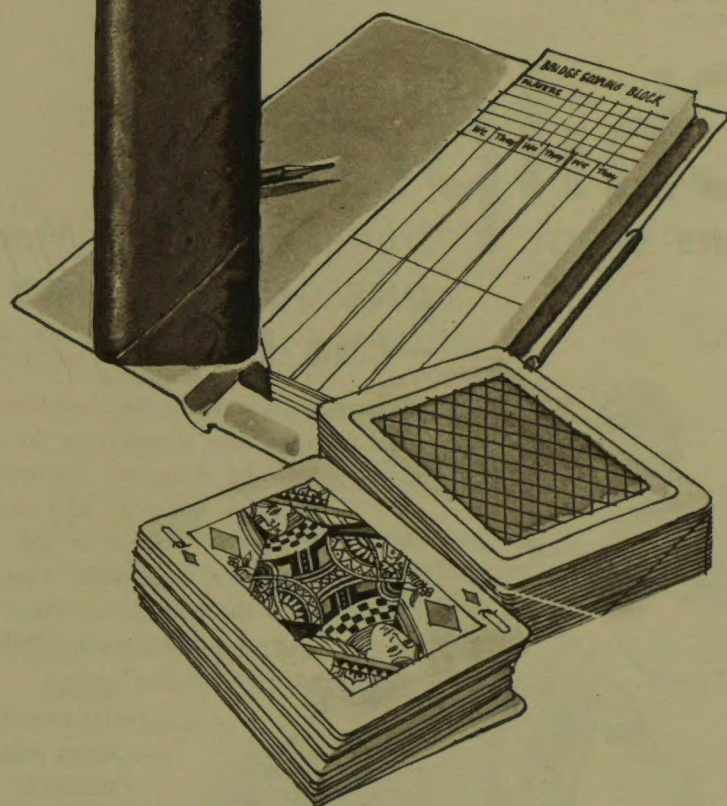
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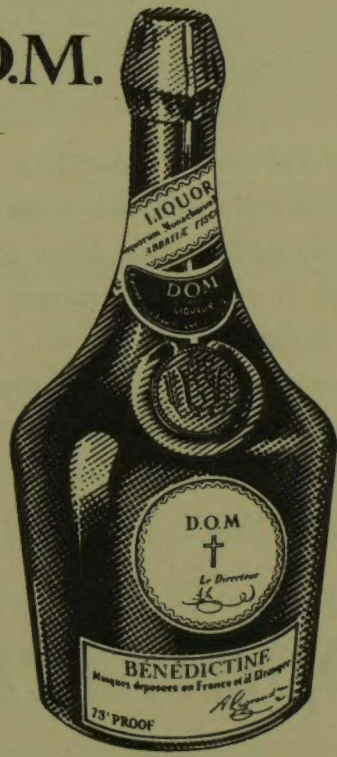
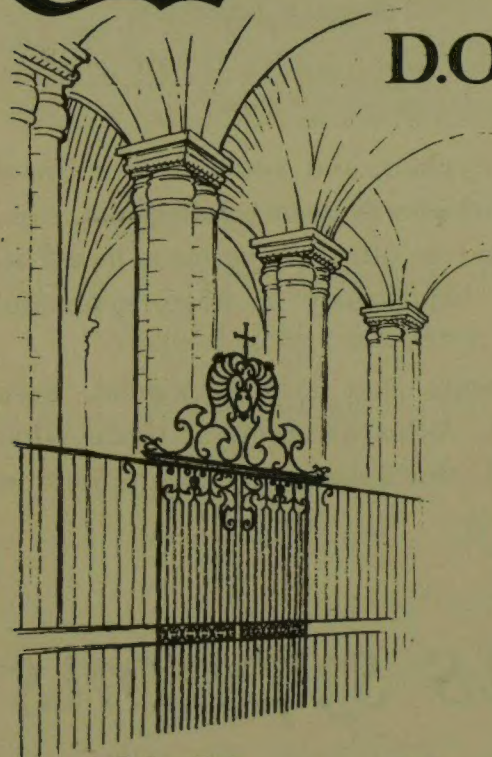
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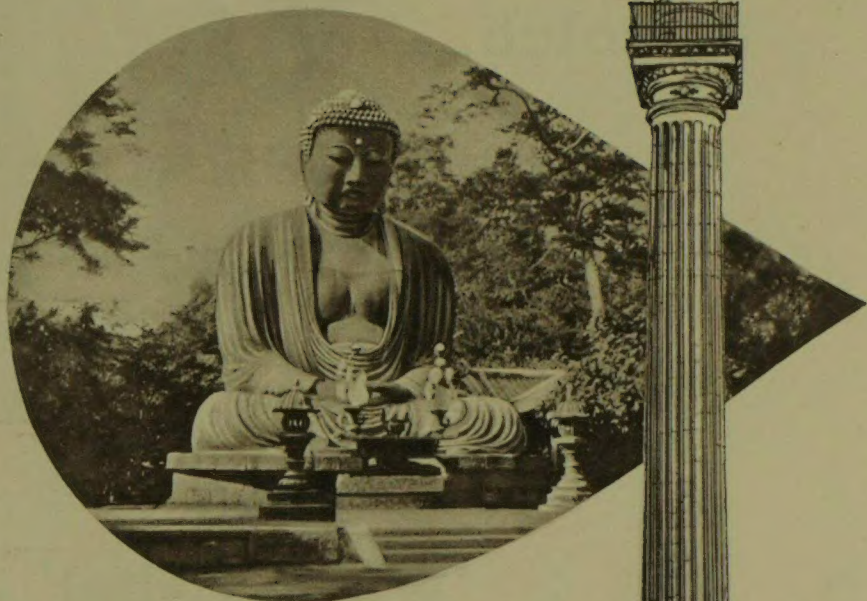
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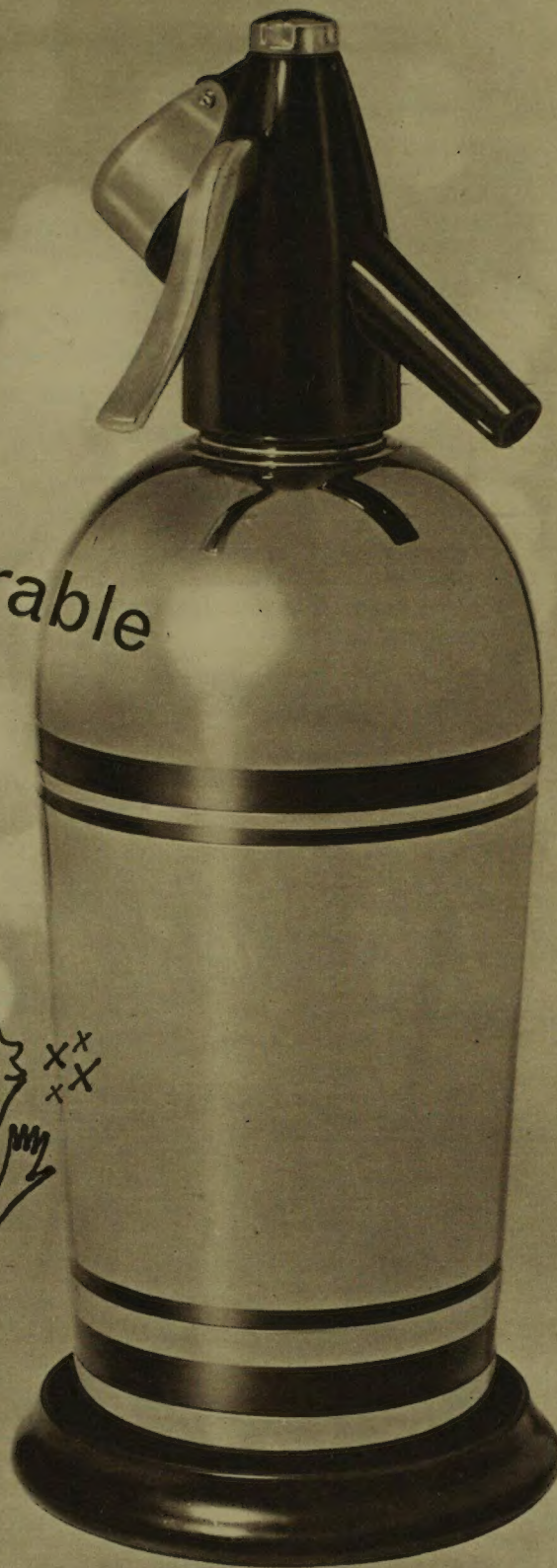
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FORD FULFILS A FIVE-YEAR PLEDGE



With the completion of its new Paint, Trim and Assembly Building at Dagenham, Ford fulfils a five-year-old pledge. Well over £65,000,000 have been spent on the expansion programme launched by the Company in 1954—and millions more will be spent in the next few years. This latest plant, which alone cost over £10,000,000, is the most modern of its kind in the world. Completed earlier, and already at work, are the new Parts Depot at Aveley, the new Basildon Machine Shop, the new Foundry and Body Press Shop at Dagenham. These mighty cash contributions to Britain's future are Ford's pledge, translated into steel and concrete, that British skills shall continue to lead the world in providing quality vehicles at the lowest possible cost.



OF DAGENHAM KEEPS FAITH WITH TOMORROW

Bricks & Mortar



The Old Bull & Bush, Hampstead, was reopened last year after extensive renovation.

Ind Coope, owned by 41,000 shareholders, operate seven large Breweries, eleven Bottling plants, forty-two Depots and over 5,000 Pubs. These Pubs, scattered throughout the country, all contribute to the social life of the community, and are noted for the fine beers they serve, including Double Diamond, Britain's best selling bottled beer; Long Life, Britain's best selling canned beer; and Skol Lager, a new brand but already the leading British lager beer.

Since the war, and more particularly since building restrictions ended, the Ind Coope estate has been reshaped and modernised in spite of the limitations set by the Treasury on capital expenditure.

1. Breweries have been modernised and expanded at a cost of £4,170,000.
2. New bottling plants have been built at a cost of £1,930,000.
3. 1,274 pubs have been rebuilt or modernised at a cost of £2,160,000.
4. 80 new pubs have been built and a further 29 are being built. Total cost £2,800,000.
5. Redundant properties have been sold for £2,000,000.

In addition to this work, Ind Coope have developed Britain's first post-war hotel outside London, the Leofric at Coventry; they have largely completed the modernisation of the Grand Hotel at Leicester and are engaged in similar work on leading hotels in other key cities.

Ind Coope are proud of their record—a record that is typical of the brewing industry.



IND COOPE BREWERS OF BRITAIN'S BEST

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1959.



BRITAIN'S BIGGEST LINER SINCE THE WAR: *ORIANA* AFTER HER LAUNCHING BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

The biggest passenger liner to be built in Britain since the war, *Oriana*, 40,000 tons, was launched by Princess Alexandra at Barrow-in-Furness on November 3. The Princess rang down "full astern" on a new-type engine-room and bridge telegraph and three bottles of Australian, Californian and Bordeaux wine were broken on *Oriana's* bow. The ceremony took place in fine weather before a large crowd at Vickers-Armstrongs' shipyard. She has been built for the Orient Line's Australian and Pacific services and, at £14,000,000, is the most costly liner ever built in this country. When she is completed, probably next September, she will carry 630 first-class

and 1500 tourist-class passengers. She will reduce the passage time from London to Australia from four weeks to three. Incorporated in her structure are a great many new features. She has the largest all-welded aluminium superstructure ever built in a ship and she has a system of transverse propulsion that enables her to move sideways under her own power. Conveyor belting is planned for the rapid handling of passengers' luggage. Her service speed is 27½ knots. The first-class cabins are arranged around miniature courtyards so that inside cabins have a direct view of the sea. The scene at the ceremony can be seen overleaf.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT takes more than two swallows to make a spring. Yet, following so soon on the London County Council's report on the impropriety of walling in London's Royal Parks with high buildings, the new Minister of Transport's remarks at the opening of the London to Birmingham motorway filled me with a hope, perhaps delusive, that those in high place are at last awakening to a realisation of what rapid and dangerous inroads are being made in the name of progress on the standards of our civilisation. The Minister, *The Times* reported, declared himself "appalled at the speed at which some cars were travelling" on the new motorway—"he had never seen anyone going so fast and ignoring the rules and regulations." If the Minister would stand any evening in Knightsbridge between its junction between Kensington Gore and the Brompton Road, either during or after the "rush-hour," he would, I think, be equally appalled. For he would witness, and in other places as well, reckless and brutal—for I do not think it is too hard a word—driving completely unchecked by authority, not admittedly by the great majority of motorists but by a sufficiently substantial minority to leave on the mind and nerves an overwhelming impression, not only that the Law is being flouted with impunity, but that elementary decency, good manners and respect for human life are being forgotten by a surprisingly large number of citizens when they are at the wheel of a motor-car. Walking westwards along Knightsbridge between 5 and 6 p.m., when the hurly-burly is at its height and drivers are jostling one another to escape from London quickly and get home, or making my way to Knightsbridge Green, as I often have occasion to do, an hour or two later to catch the last post of the day, I have repeatedly during the past year been oppressed with a feeling of how thin is becoming the veneer of gentleness and civilisation on which our age and country pride themselves, and how easily men can apparently be tempted by selfish interest into what is tantamount to brutality. For whatever it may seem like when one is sitting at the wheel of a high-powered car, weary after a long day at the office and eager to get home to one's family or pleasures, to drive a car down a city street at fifty miles an hour or to pass another car on the wrong side of the road at high speed near a pedestrian crossing—and, though still the exception, these things are, with some, becoming common form—is a brutal and uncivilised act. That such acts often appear to be committed by men who must have purchased—or have had purchased for them by their businesses—cars costing £1000 or more, and whose social status presumably is what is vulgarly called "gentle," only aggravates the sense of uneasiness aroused. If well-to-do and educated folk flout the Law and endanger human life, others without their social and cultural advantages will presently follow their example. Those who open their throttles too wide are opening, however unwittingly, a door to anarchy. A car, if driven at a dangerous speed—and any high speed in a town is dangerous—is a lethal weapon, like a gunman's revolver or a "teddy-

boy's" cosh. It can do just as much damage and even more. And the appalling and steadily rising monthly road-accident figures show just how often it does so.

I am a car-owner and car-driver and have held a driving licence for more than forty years, so I do not write merely as a pedestrian. But a man or woman on foot has just as much right to safety while crossing the Queen's highway or a London street as he has in his own home or garden or in, shall we say, the Royal Courts of Justice. To be in a hurry and at the wheel of a motor-car is no

occasional injustice would be a far lesser evil than the continuance of the dreadful slaughter and misery that driving fast and dangerously is causing in our so-called Christian country. And I use the adjective "fast" deliberately because, though motorists and their apologists argue that it is bad driving, not fast driving, that kills, it is generally a combination of fast driving and bad driving that does so. A car travelling at 20 miles an hour, however much of a nuisance it may appear to faster drivers, seldom kills or even hurts anyone unless it is involved in a collision with a far faster vehicle; a car travelling at 60 or 70 miles an hour is almost certain to do terrible and very likely fatal damage if for any reason it collides with any other vehicle or person.

Nor is it right in my belief to lay the blame for what is happening on our inadequate and old-fashioned highways. Obviously these are not wide enough to carry with comfort for anyone the enormous and ever-growing volume of motor traffic using them. But though, if they were wider and better, it might be far safer than it is to travel fast on them, no driver is justified in travelling fast merely because he could do so with impunity if the State or Local Highway Authority had done what, in his opinion, is its duty. The only pace at which a man has a right to drive is the pace which is safe on the highways as they are at present constituted: that is, on congested, narrow, winding roads, which is what the majority of our English roads still are. And until they are different, driving at more than a certain speed is bound to entail an element of risk, and as the risk is to the life and happiness of others, it is a risk which no man should be permitted by the Law to take.

What we have still to realise is that the vast increase in the number of road-users and the improved capacity of cars to travel faster has created an entirely new situation and one which at present is causing an immense volume of human suffering and loss of life. It is morally wrong to pretend that the situation does not exist and to continue to act as though it does not. We do not allow express trains, merely because people need or wish to travel quickly by train, to travel unregulated through our countryside and on tracks to which the general

and walking public is allowed and, as in the case of our roads to-day, compelled, to use. The time has come to stop the growing massacre—the cumulative total of post-war casualties on our roads will before long equal those we suffered in the last World War—and recognise that roads for fast-moving motor traffic, like railways, must be enclosed and forbidden to pedestrians and slow-moving traffic, and that on all other roads the pace of vehicles must be limited to the requirements of real safety, regardless of their drivers' desire to cover ground quickly. Human life is more important than anyone's convenience or pleasure, and it is time that Government, Public and motoring community all accepted this elementary moral principle.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE GREAT 40,000-TON LINER *ORIANA* AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: THE SCENE ON NOVEMBER 3 AS THREE BOTTLES OF WINE BROKE ON THE LINER'S BULBOUS BOW.

Princess Alexandra rang down "full astern" on a new type of engine-room and bridge telegraph which can be seen in our picture, when she performed the launching ceremony of *Oriana* at Barrow-in-Furness on November 3. The new telegraph will be introduced into *Oriana* when she makes her maiden voyage. The magnificent spectacle of *Oriana* as she glided down into the water can be seen on the front page of this issue.

excuse for killing or maiming a man or—to put the position more accurately, for no one deliberately tries to kill on the highway—is no excuse for driving so fast that an error of judgment may cause an innocent person's death. That is what we are, year by year, day by day, and even hour by hour, allowing to happen; and we are all to blame—motorists, police, politicians, Civil Servants and the Public who collectively allow the massacre and maiming to continue without insisting on a drastic enforcement of the law to stop it. No one who kills a fellow-creature on the highway should ever be allowed to drive again, and, what is more, should ever wish to drive again. I know that a rigid enforcement of this rule might in some cases cause injustice, for the driver who causes a fatal accident is not always to blame. But such



REMEMBERING THE FALLEN: THE ANNUAL SERVICE AT THE CENOTAPH ON A MISTY NOVEMBER MORNING. ON THE HOME OFFICE BALCONY THE CEREMONY IS WATCHED BY PRINCESS MARGARET AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

London was heavily shrouded in mist on November 8, Remembrance Sunday, but as the morning wore on the skies began to clear, and as Big Ben sounded the first stroke of eleven to mark the beginning of the traditional Two Minutes' Silence, only a light haze still lingered in the streets while the nation remembered those who had fallen in battle. At the Cenotaph, in Whitehall, the Duke of Edinburgh laid the first wreath on behalf of the Queen, who was at Windsor. After him came the Duke of Gloucester and a uniformed representative of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Meanwhile, from the balcony of the

Home Office overlooking the ceremony, members of the Royal family, who included Princess Margaret, looked on. The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, laid the first wreath on behalf of the Government. He was followed by Mr. Walter Nash—Prime Minister of New Zealand—Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Grimond, the Lord Chancellor and members of the Cabinet. Other wreaths were placed by representatives of the Commonwealth and Colonial Governments, and of the armed and other services. The short service was conducted by the Bishop of London, Dr. Montgomery Campbell.

PAMIR'S SUCCESSOR; A NEW "LUNG"; AND A FAMOUS BEAR BECOMES RUG.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT ORIENT LINER *ORIANA* WHICH, LAUNCHED ON NOVEMBER 3, IS THE LARGEST VESSEL OF ITS KIND TO BE CONSTRUCTED SINCE *QUEEN ELIZABETH* WAS BUILT TWENTY YEARS AGO. IT IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED BY SEPTEMBER 1960.



SAFELY ENTERING HARBOUR AFTER RIDING OUT A 50 M.P.H. GALE: THE NEW WEST GERMAN CADET TRAINING SHIP *GORCH FOCK*, THE SUCCESSOR TO *PAMIR*, WHICH SANK IN 1957, MOVING INTO ABERDEEN HARBOUR UNDER HER OWN POWER WITH SAILS STOWED.



EVENTUALLY TO REPLACE THE CUMBERSOME IRON LUNG: THE REMARKABLE ELECTRONIC LUNG, WHICH ALLOWS MUCH GREATER FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT, IN USE AT BARNET. Described as "an outstanding British achievement," this new electronic lung, known as the Barnet Ventilator, is a product of companies within the Pye Instrument Group. Completely portable, it can be used to help sufferers from chronic bronchitis and poliomyelitis.



PLACING WREATHS AT THE CENOTAPH ON REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY: SEEN HERE (LEFT TO RIGHT), ARE MR. JO GRIMOND, LIBERAL LEADER; MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, LABOUR LEADER; MR. WALTER NASH, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND; AND MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.



MADE TO TAKE A PLUNGE BY A REBELLIOUS STEED: MISS PAMELA FAULKNER FALLING HEADLONG INTO THE WATER AT THE CHISLEHURST AND DISTRICT HUNTER TRIALS WHEN *MAZARA* STUBBORNLY REFUSED TO TAKE THE JUMP.



ONCE A BEAR—AND PROUD MOTHER OF *BRUMAS*—AND NOW JUST A RUG: ALL THAT REMAINS OF *IVY*, THE FAMOUS POLAR BEAR, WHO RECENTLY DIED OF OLD AGE, DISPLAYED BY EMPLOYEES OF A FIRM OF TAXIDERMISTS AT CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON.

THE R.N.R. CENTENARY DINNER; THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE; FOG ON THE MOTORWAY.



(Above.) THE SPLENDID SCENE IN THE PAINTED HALL AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, DURING THE BANQUET TO MARK THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE ON NOV. 3. T.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester were present for the occasion on Nov. 3 when the Royal Naval Reserve celebrated their centenary with a dinner in the Painted Hall. Some 250 officers were present, including eight officers of the Women's Royal Naval Reserve.

(Right.) FOG ON THE BIRMINGHAM MOTORWAY. THIS FOG, EARLY ON NOV. 6, LED TO THE FIRST FATAL ACCIDENT ON THIS NEW ROAD, WITHIN FOUR DAYS OF ITS OPENING.

Thick fog on Nov. 6 and 7 blanketed much of England and Wales and led to the first fatal accident on the new Birmingham motorway early on Nov. 6, when one lorry ran into a stationary breakdown van and a second lorry ran into the first, both drivers being killed.



PROGRESS ON THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE—WHICH WILL BE THE LARGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN EUROPE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NORTHERN END AND THE ARCH CARRYING THE CABLES. The new Forth Bridge, which is being built about half a mile upstream from the Forth railway bridge, is a road suspension bridge and will have a central span of 3300 ft. and two side spans of 1340 ft., and several smaller approach spans. It is scheduled for completion in 1963.



IF, when President Eisenhower was a gravely sick man and speculation was rife as to whether he could complete his term, anyone had suggested the possibility of a project such as he now has in mind, it would have been regarded as a crazy fantasy. The very fact that he can now plan it, is evidence of a wonderful improvement in his health. In fact, the medical report given him after his recent examination is known to have filled him with pleasure and optimism. Whatever be the general opinion about the tour which he has decided to begin on December 4, there will be satisfaction that he feels himself fit to undertake it.

One cannot avoid feeling that it must involve considerable strain. It is a question not only of long flights in pressurised aircraft but also of the fact that when distinguished persons on such expeditions do let their legs on to the ground they have to go on using them. Even when they sit down it is to discuss knotty problems and to eat unduly plentiful food. The military parades, attractive and enjoyable once or twice, become mournfully similar and painfully dull. President Eisenhower cannot in this case even look forward to a rest in his own armchair in the country immediately it is all over, because he is due to reach Paris just in time to take part in the Western Conference. This itself is a prelude to the Summit Conference, for which the date is not yet fixed.

The President will visit the capitals of Italy, Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India, Iran, Greece, Rabat for Morocco, and France. In Rome, apart from the political side of his visit, he will pay his respects to the Pope. The most interesting side of the tour will be that devoted to Asia. Unless he was reported incorrectly, the President made one slip when he said: "No President has ever visited Asia." One President did visit Teheran, though this is perhaps not one of the happiest memories. It is true to say that no President has ever paid a round visit of this kind to Asia. The significance of the occasion is that in this continent suspicions of the United States and its policy exist which are not to be found on a similar scale in any of the countries of the European part of the programme. General Eisenhower recognised this fact when he said he hoped to create "a better understanding of the United States, and good will for us."

There are, however, some factors which affect the European as well as the Asiatic visits. At last the United States is realising that the vast sum of money which is being poured into foreign countries is weakening the position of the dollar—I say nothing of the weight of taxation because this is a matter of controversy. President Eisenhower said quite recently that the richer countries of the world ought not to continue to leave so great a proportion of the effort to develop and support backward countries on the shoulders of the United States. Cuts are to take place in foreign aid and defence expenditure abroad, including what are called "offshore" purchases.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

It is clearly desirable that the reasons behind this action should be brought home to those concerned.

One small European country with which the relations of the United States have been particularly close is Greece. Government spokesmen have for long been careful to point out that Greece has not committed herself to the setting up of missile bases in the country, and it has recently become evident that she has refused to do so. The plea that it would be rash to take this step before discovering how far the negotiations with Russia are likely to be successful seems reasonable. On the other hand, if ramps were installed, the United States could say: "See how accommodating we

circumstances they may frequently not be needed. Where such conditions do not exist, conversations too often prove to be polite but perfunctory. The participants part with a glow, but each knows that he has not spoken his own mind fully and soon realises that this applies to the other party also. The real business done may prove slight.

I would add that the higher in the hierarchy the visitor, the greater is this risk. Where time is available the two sides may come to understand each other. But the head of a Government—and General Eisenhower is that as well as the Head of a State—can never leave his duties for long. Some of them have to be postponed because only he can fulfil them. In this case the time allotted to each visit must on the average be short, though some may last longer than others and, at the time of writing, the programme has not been worked out in detail. It has not even been decided where the one break in the tour which he hopes to make will take place.

It may be argued with truth that before the First World War, approaches through the recognised methods of diplomacy were easier and more reliable than is now the case. This consideration, however, applies particularly to dealings with States under Communist Governments, where Western Embassies are raided off and the Communist Embassies in the Western capitals are uncommunicative and, so far as we know, often in doubt about the policy of their Governments on any given subject. I suggest that there is a tendency nowadays to diminish the value of Ambassadors by taking out of their hands work for which they are qualified. It may be inevitable. It appears in industry and is prominent in war. During the Second World War admirals must have

envied Rodney, Jervis, and Nelson, who, but for a rare message in a frigate, cut loose from interference once they had put to sea.

All I am trying to suggest is that the practice of diplomacy by aircraft may be overdone. I realise that personal contacts may be precious. I know, from my own humble experience in visiting countries whose affairs I have studied, how a sudden vista before the eyes, a few sentences taken in by the ears, may throw a flood of light upon obscurities, correct a false impression previously held, confirm one of which there had been no certainty until then. I am far from believing that such experiences are without value. Still less do I consider that this tour to be undertaken by the President of the United States is a mistake. I am delighted that it should be extended to Asia and look on this aspect as the most promising. We should wish President Eisenhower good fortune, and good results from his imaginative enterprise.

CORRECTION. In our issue of October 31, on page 550, owing to a typographical error the title of a picture by Delacroix was given as "La Mort d'Orphelia." This should have read, "La Mort d'Ophelia."



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER MAKING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS INTENDED VISIT TO NINE COUNTRIES, IN ASIA, THE MIDDLE EAST AND EUROPE, STARTING ON DECEMBER 4. HE WILL BE THE FIRST AMERICAN PRESIDENT TO MAKE SUCH A JOURNEY.

President Eisenhower is shown here at the news conference in Washington on November 4 at which he announced the plans for his important visits to nine countries, Italy, Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India, Iran, Greece, France and Morocco. Captain Falls says of this tour, "The very fact that he can now plan it, is evidence of a wonderful improvement in his health." The journey will take place before the Western Summit Conference, whose date is not yet fixed. His chief interest in Asia will be India, especially in regard to the Chinese threat on her borders.

are! We'll take the things away." I find this a little crude. Would it not be equally effective to say: "See how accommodating we are! We won't erect the ramps, though we could have done so." Anyhow, this is one of the subjects on which a heart-to-heart talk might be useful.

Italy also beckons the President. She has been obsessed by the feeling that she is being given no opportunity to contribute to peace-making because her Government is not graded as being on the top shelf. Her President appears to be determined, much against the will of a large proportion of the population, to make his own pilgrimage to Moscow. The Government is in some trouble and torn by internal strife among its supporters. Perhaps the American President can afford Signor Segni some moral assistance.

I must admit to certain doubts as to whether diplomacy by aircraft is not in danger of being overdone. The late John Foster Dulles would seem to have been the pioneer in the post-war world. If guest and host are completely at ease with one another, if they trust each other fully, if their personalities are sympathetic, conversations in person may be valuable, but in these

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



PANAMA CITY, PANAMA. GAS-MASKED U.S. TROOPS IN THE CANAL ZONE. PANAMANIAN RIOTERS WERE FOUGHT OFF WITH TEAR GAS WHEN THEY TRIED TO ENTER THE U.S.-CONTROLLED ZONE. Riots occurred in Panama on November 3 as a crowd tried to carry the Panamanian flag into the U.S.-controlled Canal Zone. They had to be fought off with tear gas. The U.S. Embassy was stoned and the U.S. flag torn down. A strong Note of protest from the U.S. Government was rejected by Panama.



ROME, ITALY. PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO ENGAGING A BABY'S INTEREST AT THE RED CROSS CENTRE—A CHARMING SCENE FROM HER STATE VISIT. Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, who recently paid a State visit to Italy, attended a reception given in their honour by President Gronchi at the Quirinal Palace. During the visit Princess Grace visited some very young children at the Red Cross Centre.



MOSCOW. CELEBRATING THE FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE 1917 REVOLUTION: GIRLS FROM THE FIFTEEN REPUBLICS DRAMATICALLY POISED ON MOTOR-TRICYCLES AT THE PARADE. The forty-second anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution was celebrated by the traditional mass rally and parade in Red Square on November 7. In the evening, at a Kremlin reception, Mr. Khrushchev toasted peace throughout the world and "Love between all peoples."



HOUSTON, TEXAS, U.S.A. FIRE-BOATS FIGHTING THE FIRE AND EXPLOSIONS ON THE TANKER *AMOCO VIRGINIA*: SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE CREW WERE LOST IN THE DISASTER. Seven members of the crew of the 12,572-ton tanker *Amoco Virginia* were lost after a series of explosions and fire on board her on November 8, in the Houston Ship Canal. She was loaded with inflammable fuels. The fire was got under control on the ship.



LUANG PRABANG, LAOS. MOURNING THE DEATH OF THEIR RULER, KING SISAVANG VONG: LAOTIANS GATHERED OUTSIDE THE PALACE TO WATCH THE FUNERAL. King Sisavang Vong of Laos, who died at the age of seventy-four, after a long illness, on October 29, was much loved by his people and his death was marked by deep mourning throughout the country. The day after his death many women piled flowers on the steps of the palace where the King had died, and a twenty-one-gun salute was fired.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



SWITZERLAND. DOWN COMES THE STEEPLE: THE SCENE ON NOVEMBER 6 WHEN THE PARISH CHURCH OF THE SMALL HEALTH RESORT OF SAAS FEE, IN SOUTHERN SWITZERLAND, WAS FELLED DURING DEMOLITION OPERATIONS. A NEW CHURCH IS BEING ERECTED TO REPLACE IT.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA. SKI-ING ALL THE YEAR ROUND: YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS TRAINING FOR THE WINTER ON A PLASTIC SKI-TRACK, OVER 500 YARDS LONG, WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED AT LIPTOSKY MIKULAS, AND WHICH PROVIDES A GOOD PRACTICE GROUND.



AUSTRIA. WHERE THE LOCAL PRIEST IS HIS OWN STEEPLE-JACK: THE ILLUMINATED STEEPLE OF FLECKEN AMRAS, NEAR INNSBRUCK. EACH YEAR THE PRIEST AND HIS SEXTON THEMSELVES WIRE THE CHURCH STEEPLE FOR THE CHRISTMAS ILLUMINATIONS, USING ROPE LADDERS.



GHANA. CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S HEAVIEST SEA PIPELINE—THE 2000-TON, MILE-LONG SEWER OUTFALL FOR TEMA, RECENTLY LAID BY TAYLOR WOODROW (GHANA) LTD., IN ASSOCIATION WITH COLLINS SUBMARINE PIPELINES OVERSEAS LTD.



SENNELAGER, WEST GERMANY. THE MARCH PAST OF THE 3RD AND 6TH ROYAL TANK REGIMENTS ON OCTOBER 31, WHEN THE TWO REGIMENTS WERE AMALGAMATED WITH THE NEW TITLE OF THE 3RD ROYAL TANK REGIMENT.



WEST BERLIN. THE NEW UNIFORM OF THE WEST BERLIN POLICE DEMONSTRATED. THE HEAVY LEATHER BELT WITH PISTOL HOLSTER IS NO LONGER WORN AND THE PISTOL IS CARRIED, AS SHOWN, IN AN ARMPIT HOLSTER, THE SINGLE-BREADED UNIFORM BEING TAILORED TO ACCOMMODATE THIS.



OFF VIRGINIA, U.S.A. A MERCURY CAPSULE BEING RECOVERED FROM THE ATLANTIC, FORTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTER IT HAD BEEN LAUNCHED INTO SPACE AND RELEASED AT A HEIGHT OF 33,000 FT. This object is a copy of the capsule, designed as an escape means for space travellers. It was launched in a *Little Joe* rocket on November 4 and released at a height of 33,000 ft. It was shortly afterwards picked up from the Atlantic by the U.S. Navy salvage ship *Preserver*.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. MR. C. VAN DOREN (SEATED AND EXAMINING A DOCUMENT, EXTREME RIGHT) BEING QUESTIONED ON A CHARGE OF TAKING PART IN FAKED TV QUIZZES.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. READING HIS STATEMENT AT THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES SUB-COMMITTEE INVESTIGATION: MR. CHARLES VAN DOREN, WITH HIS LAWYER (LEFT). Mr. Charles van Doren, Assistant Professor of English at Columbia University, admitted on November 2 that he had taken part in a quiz programme—in which he had won £46,000—having been given the questions beforehand. He has since resigned from his University post. Mr. Xavier Cugat, the well-known bandleader, made a similar admission.



MEERUT, INDIA. MR. NEHRU, INDIA'S PRIME MINISTER, ADDRESSING A VAST CROWD AT THE STADIUM AT MEERUT SHORTLY AFTER THE CLASH OVER LADAKH. In his speech, delivered within twenty-four hours after the Chinese ambushing of an Indian police patrol on Indian territory in southern Ladakh, Mr. Nehru said that the incident caused grave anxiety to India, but appealed for a calm attitude.



NEW DELHI, INDIA. STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING OUTSIDE THE COMMUNIST CHINESE EMBASSY IN VIOLENT PROTEST AGAINST RECENT INCURSIONS INTO INDIAN TERRITORY IN SOUTHERN LADAKH. On November 4, when this demonstration took place, a strong Indian Note was handed to the Chinese Ambassador in New Delhi. In this new Note—in reply to the Chinese "ultimatum" of October 26—India rejected China's claims to her territory and demanded instant withdrawal of Chinese troops from Indian soil.



MOUNT VALERIEN, NEAR PARIS, FRANCE. WHERE MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE WERE SHOT DURING THE OCCUPATION: THE SCENE AT THE RECENT UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL TABLET. AMONG THOSE PRESENT WERE M. DEBRE, PRIME MINISTER, AND M. TRIBOULET, MINISTER FOR EX-SERVICEMEN.



AMMAN, JORDAN. A FRIENDLY WELCOME AT THE ROYAL PALACE: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN GREETING HIS GUEST, THE SHAH OF PERSIA. One of the results of the Shah of Persia's recent four-day State visit to Jordan was the signing of a cultural agreement. During the visit—conspicuous for much ceremony and pageantry—the Shah took the salute at a parade of the Royal Jordanian Army.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ANCONA, ITALY. ENGULFED IN MUD AND WATER: THE TOWN HAS BEEN HIT BY APPALLING FLOODS FOR THE SECOND TIME IN JUST OVER A YEAR.



ZAMBANA, ITALY. A LANDSLIDE TOUCHED OFF BY DAYS OF TORRENTIAL RAIN: THIS TOWN IS ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE RECENT STORMS.

At the end of one of the finest summers in living memory, parts of Europe were suddenly subjected to violent storms which caused flooding and avalanches of mud and stones. Italy has been one of the worst-hit countries, where from north to south emergency relief measures have been forced on the authorities, many people have lost their lives and extensive damage caused to property.



WISCONSIN, U.S.A. AN UNDERWATER "PEEPING TOM": MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN USING THIS STRANGE BARGE TO STUDY THE FEEDING, SPAWNING AND SCHOOLING HABITS OF WHITE BASS. THE TANKS FILL WITH WATER TO SUBMERGE THE OBSERVATION CHAMBER.



ONTARIO, CANADA. PROBABLY A CASE OF ARSON: A RAILWAY BRIDGE AT LINDSAY STILL BLAZING FIERCELY IN SPITE OF HEAVY RAIN, WHILE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS OFFICIALS LOOK ON HELPLESS. POLICE BELIEVE IT WAS COVERED IN PETROL AND SET ALIGHT. THE DAMAGE MAY AMOUNT TO £35,000.



MILAN, ITALY. A USEFUL INVENTION FOR MOTORISTS: A TYRE WITH REPLACEABLE TREADS DEMONSTRATED BY A MECHANIC FROM THE PIRELLI WORKS, WHERE IT HAS BEEN DEVELOPED. THE TYRE CONSISTS OF A CASING AND THREE TREAD BANDS.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. CHATTING TO EACH OTHER AS THOUGH NOTHING WAS UNUSUAL: SUBURBAN DWELLERS STANDING THIGH-DEEP IN FLOODWATER. BEHIND THEM A CAR IS ALMOST SUBMERGED. The storms which struck Eastern Australia at the end of October brought torrents of rainwater flooding into the suburbs of Sydney, blocking streets, drenching ground-floor rooms and leaving a number of cars stranded. The water was many feet deep in some areas.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. A WARNING TO FISH AND AMPHIBIANS: A "NO PARKING" SIGN IS RESOLUTELY HELD BY ONE OF TWO COUNCIL WORKERS CLEARING A BLOCKED DRAIN.

ARABIA DESERTA.

"ARABIAN SANDS." By WILFRED THESIGER.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE Arab has long enjoyed a prominent place in the literature of Western Europe. His dramatic emergence from his native deserts at the bidding of Mohammed; his foundation of an empire which for a brief space reached from the Pyrenees to the borders of India; and, finally, his withdrawal once more into the Arabian Peninsula, leaving his inheritance to be fought over by Almoravides and Almohades, by Seljuk and Ottoman Turks: these events captured the imagination of the West, and they were sung by many a poet who probably had very little real knowledge of the people whose deeds he was celebrating. As a result, there arose a desire

effect, his credibility is above suspicion, and it is small wonder that St. John Philby should have hailed him as probably the greatest of the explorers of Arabia.

Time after time Mr. Thesiger calls attention to the powerful centrifugal influences which down the centuries have made Arab unity a mere dream. It existed for a brief space under the earlier Caliphs, but when the leadership of Islam passed to the Abbasids it came to an end, and it has so far defied the efforts of Colonel Nasser and the Arab League to revive it. Nor is this all, for these internal feuds have proved a fatal legacy to the countries where the Arabs once bore sway, as the history of Spain, to quote an outstanding instance, has amply proved.

Submission to authority is the exception even in Saudi Arabia:

I remembered asking some Rashid, who had visited Riyadh, how they had addressed the king, and they answered in surprise, "We called him Abd al Aziz, how else would we call him except by his name?" And when I said, "I thought you might call him Your Majesty," they answered, "We are Bedu. We have no king but God."

When Mr. Thesiger expresses the opinion that he will probably be the last of the old-time explorers of Arabia what he has in mind are the changes which are taking place there. They began after the First World War with the appearance of motor-cars, aeroplanes, and wireless which "gave the government for the first time in history

The dangers attendant upon the collapse of the old Islamic civilisation, and the migration of the desert Arab into the towns, have made themselves felt in more than one country in the Near and Middle East of late years, and it would seem inevitable that the sons of the picturesque, if ruffianly, figures who feature in these pages will, in the category of unskilled labourers, one day swell the ranks of a landless urban proletariat. It may, indeed, well be that in another hundred years nuclear energy will have replaced petrol as the source of power, and the Arab states will sink back into the political and economic insignificance which was theirs a century ago, but by then the damage will have been done, and Arabia will have come to resemble some abandoned "gold rush" city.

At the same time, it is not every reader who will be prepared to accept with Mr. Thesiger's equanimity the manners and customs which he found on his travels: some of them are perfectly revolting, and even the description of them in print in this volume had better be skipped by those with queasy stomachs. It is little wonder that the governments which permit them are viewed with suspicion by more than one international organisation, and it is to be hoped that some means will be found of bringing them to an end short of uprooting a whole civilisation. In this connection it is reassuring to gather from the author's narrative that Ibn Saud personally has set his face against obscenity practised in the name of religion. What seems to be required in Arabia is reform, but what that unfortunate country seems only too likely to get is revolution.

As we have seen, Mr. Thesiger has no illusions:

I went to Southern Arabia only just in time. Others will go there to study geology and archaeology, the birds and plants and animals, even to study the Arabs themselves, but they will move about in cars and will keep

in touch with the outside world by wireless. They will bring back results far more interesting than mine, but they will never know the spirit of the land nor the greatness of the Arabs. If anyone goes there now looking for the life I led they will not find it, for technicians have been there since, prospecting for oil. Today the desert where I travelled is scarred with the tracks of lorries and littered with discarded junk imported from Europe and America.

If this is true, it is all the more reason why this book should be widely read, for it is at once an absorbing story and a valuable historical document.

* "Arabian Sands." By Wilfred Thesiger. Illustrated. (Longmans; 35s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. WILFRED THESIGER.

Born in Addis Ababa in 1910, Mr. Thesiger was educated at Eton and Oxford, and in 1935 was appointed to the Sudan Political Service. He joined the Sudan Defence Force at the outbreak of war, and later served in Abyssinia, Syria and in the Western Desert. He was awarded the D.S.O. Since the war he has travelled widely, and all his journeys were either on foot or with animal transport.



THE AUTHOR OF "ARABIAN SANDS," MR. WILFRED THESIGER, DURING HIS SECOND CROSSING OF THE VAST AREA IN SOUTHERN ARABIA APTLY KNOWN AS THE EMPTY QUARTER.

among a curious few to know more of the Arab at first hand, and from Victorian England there went out men of the calibre of Burton and Doughty, and, more recently, Lawrence, St. John Philby, and Bertram Thomas; of this line of explorers Mr. Thesiger is the latest, and, in his own opinion, probably the last.

He explored with a zest which he communicates to the reader. He was born in Addis Ababa, where his father was British Minister, and the East seems to have got into his blood in his earliest years, until he confesses that now he is never really happy elsewhere. He admits that he is an indifferent linguist, thereby putting himself into that large class of people who find it easier to get into a foreigner's mind than to understand his language. Not Lady Hester Stanhope herself became more devoted to Arab ways, yet at the same time he is able to regard Islam with a certain Christian detachment which makes his observations all the more valuable in consequence. He does not, for instance, invest modern Arabia with any false glamour:

These sheikhs competed for the support of the tribesmen by the lavishness of their hospitality and the scale of their gifts. Not one of them was prepared to acknowledge a paramount power, nor were any of them able to enforce their authority over the Bedu; none would even try, lest by doing so they should alienate Bedu support in time of need. In consequence the country was full of outlaws, who feared no punishment other than the blood-feud and the retaliation of hostile tribesmen. . . . If an exasperated ruler did detain them, they knew they could count on an immediate demand for their release by some other sheikh, who, anxious to court their favour, would claim that they were under his protection.

"Bedu," it may be explained, is the form which the author prefers to the more usual "Bedouin."

He is not dealing with the remote past, for his book covers the five years ending in 1950, during which he passed most of his time in and around the Empty Quarter, as the half-million square miles of desert in the South of Arabia are not inaptly termed. He travelled without any European companions, and as a Christian he was continually in centres of Moslem fanaticism which seem strange survivals in the modern world. In



ONE OF THE DESERT'S RAREST AND MOST VALUABLE SUBSTANCES—WATER! THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS DHIBY WELL, IN THE ARABIAN DESERT SOUTH OF THE QATAR PENINSULA. THE AUTHOR FOUND THE WATER IN IT SO BRACKISH THAT ONLY THE CAMELS COULD DRINK IT.

These illustrations from the book "Arabian Sands" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd.

a mobility greater than that of the Bedu." No doubt in general this was the case, but in view of the relative ease with which the author appears to have visited places where authority resented his presence, it would seem that an exception should be made in the case of Mr. Thesiger, who possessed a greater mobility than that of any government. The greatest factor making for change is, of course, the search for oil, which in due course can hardly fail to revolutionise Arabian life: any sudden increase of wealth in this way usually has disastrous consequences, and the author is extremely gloomy on this score, for he says of his Arab friends that "it is not death but degradation which faces them."

HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

III. THEORIES OF COSMOLOGY.

By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

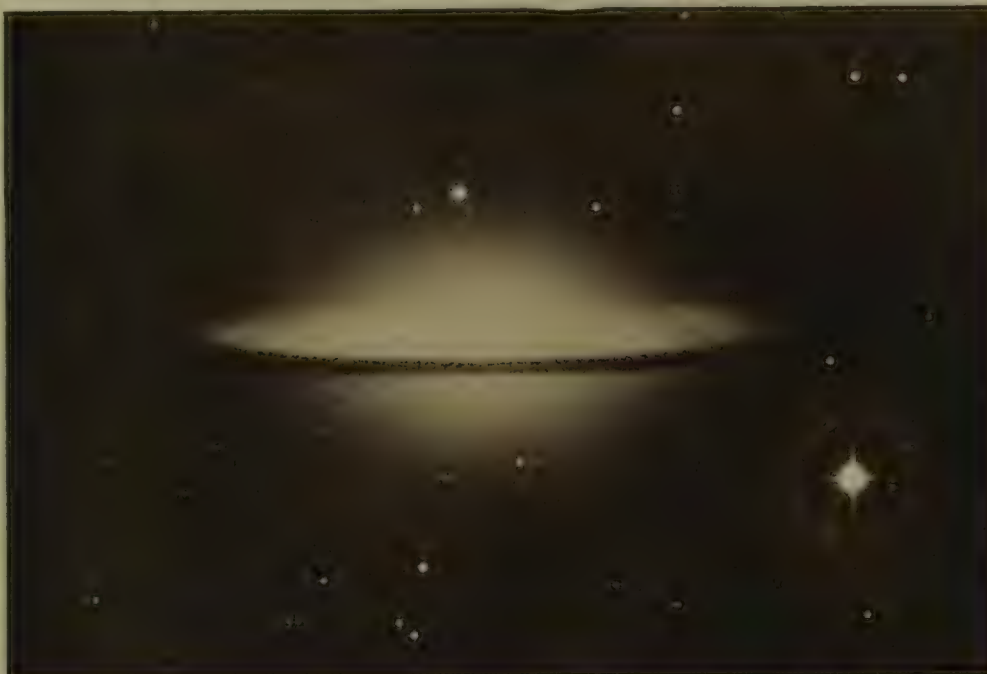
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IN previous articles a number of the remarkable features of the universe have been mentioned: the galaxies; the uniformity of their distribution over the sky; the darkness of the night sky; the expansion of the universe; the clustering of the galaxies. Just as in other fields of science, one asks in cosmology, too, for a theory that will link and correlate the observations mentioned and others which are of a more recondite nature. Here, as elsewhere in science, it is, however, the chief task of a theory to forecast the results of new observations; to suggest methods of shooting down the theory. In this way, theories inspire new observations, and it is this method that exposes as foolish the suggestion that it is too early to formulate theories of cosmology; that we should wait until further information has been gathered before forming theories. We can never wait until we have all the facts at our disposal: that time never comes. We must always try to do the best with what we have got. Of course, we would be foolish to regard our present theories as infallible or final. It is not the purpose of any scientific theory ever to be infallible or final or true. Its purpose is to be fertile; to suggest new observations that suggest new ramifications of the subject.

In a subject in which so little information is available as in cosmology, it need not, therefore, come as a surprise that there are several different theories in the field. They all account more or less well for the existing observations, but they differ sharply in their forecasts of future ones. Two of these theories have received particularly great attention. Their consequences have been worked out in some detail, and they will be described here in brief.

The first theory or, rather, class of theories, is known as relativistic cosmology. The basis of this class of theory is the general theory of relativity proposed by Einstein forty-five years ago. This is the best theory of gravitation we have. It agrees with all the enormous multitude of observations on the effects of gravitation in the solar system. Relativistic cosmology is essentially an attempt to apply this highly successful theory of gravitation to the universe at large. For this purpose another assumption has to be added to it, and this is the assumption of the large-scale uniformity of the universe. As has been said previously, there is a good deal of astronomical evidence in favour of such an assumption. Many models of the universe can be constructed on this basis. However, some of them appear to be much more promising as representations of our actual universe than others; and foremost amongst these is the model due to Lemaitre. This model shares with all other models of relativistic cosmology the property of being evolving, that is, of the universe as a whole undergoing changes in the course of time. Any model in which the universe as a whole undergoes changes is described as an evolutionary model. All models of relativistic cosmology are evolutionary models. In Lemaitre's model the universe is finite, but unbounded. Though, at first sight, this seems an odd concept, there is nothing queer about it. It is purely a matter of local experience, that if I move away from a point in a straight line I get further and further away from it all the time. To suggest that this remains correct however far I go is nothing but an assumption, an extrapolation from locally gained knowledge. A finite universe is simply one where, if I go on and on and on, eventually (admittedly after a very, very long walk) I get back to the place where I started from. In two dimensions this is familiar from the case of the earth. If I keep on going in the same direction, eventually I will come back to where I started from, having encircled the earth. It is true that the surface of the earth is a two-dimensional surface, but the suggestion is that the same situation should apply on an enormously larger scale in the universe in three dimensions. Strange and unfamiliar as this concept may sound, there is no reason to be surprised that, when we talk

about distances of thousands of millions of light years, we should be encountering a strange and unusual experience. Though the total volume of the universe is now vast, in Lemaitre's model it was fairly small to start with. This, of course, was very long ago—possibly 40 thousand million years ago. The same amount of matter that now fills the universe so thinly was then confined to a comparatively small space and, accordingly, was very dense and also very hot. Some sort of nuclear explosion occurred so that the entire model started by expanding rapidly. However, owing to the great density of matter, the force of gravitation was strong, and so the expansion was slowed down by the force of gravitation. In general relativity, in addition to the usual force of gravitation, there may also be a universal force of repulsion increasing with distance. As long as the model was small, as long as matter, was dense, gravitation was much more powerful than this long-range force of repulsion. However, as the system expanded, it approached a state in which the force of gravitation exactly balanced the force of repulsion. By the time the system reached this



A SPIRAL GALAXY SEEN EDGE-ON. THE DARK RING IS A BELT OF DUST OBSCURING THE LIGHT OF THE STARS BEHIND IT.

In this week's article Professor Bondi first discusses the class of theories known as relativistic cosmology, based on Einstein's general theory of relativity, and pays particular attention to Lemaitre's remarkable theory of a finite but unbounded universe. He then goes on to describe the steady-state theory, which is in complete contrast to the former theory, and which is based on the additional assumption that the universe is not only uniform in space, but is also unchanging in time when viewed on a sufficiently large scale.

Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories photograph.

state, the motion of expansion had slowed down almost, but not entirely, to a standstill. Had the universe got to a standstill, then it would have stayed as it was owing to the balance between the force of gravitation and the force of repulsion. As, however, it was still expanding, though very, very slowly, it remained in more or less this state of balance for a fair length of time; but then, having expanded just a little beyond this equilibrium, the force of repulsion turned out to be stronger than gravitation. Hence expansion continued and accelerated; the expansion became faster and will go on for all time. We are now, according to the theory, in this second phase of expansion of the universe. In the first phase of expansion, the initially very hot gas cooled down gradually; the long, intermediate state, when the universe was almost, though not quite, at a standstill, is supposed to have been the time when the gas, now fairly cool, condensed into clusters of galaxies and these again into individual galaxies. At that stage, then, the density of matter was just right for the formation of galaxies. Now, when owing to the renewed expansion, the density is very much lower, no new galaxies can be formed. This model of the universe, therefore, has many different phases. A youthful, exuberant phase of high temperature and expansion; a middle period of condensation into galaxies in a situation of almost complete rest; and an old age in which the galaxies, themselves aging, are rushing away from each other in a renewed process of expansion, continually depleting the density of the universe still further. We are now in this late stage; or, as Lemaitre himself has put it, of the fireworks that started the universe only a few hot ashes are left, and these are our galaxies.

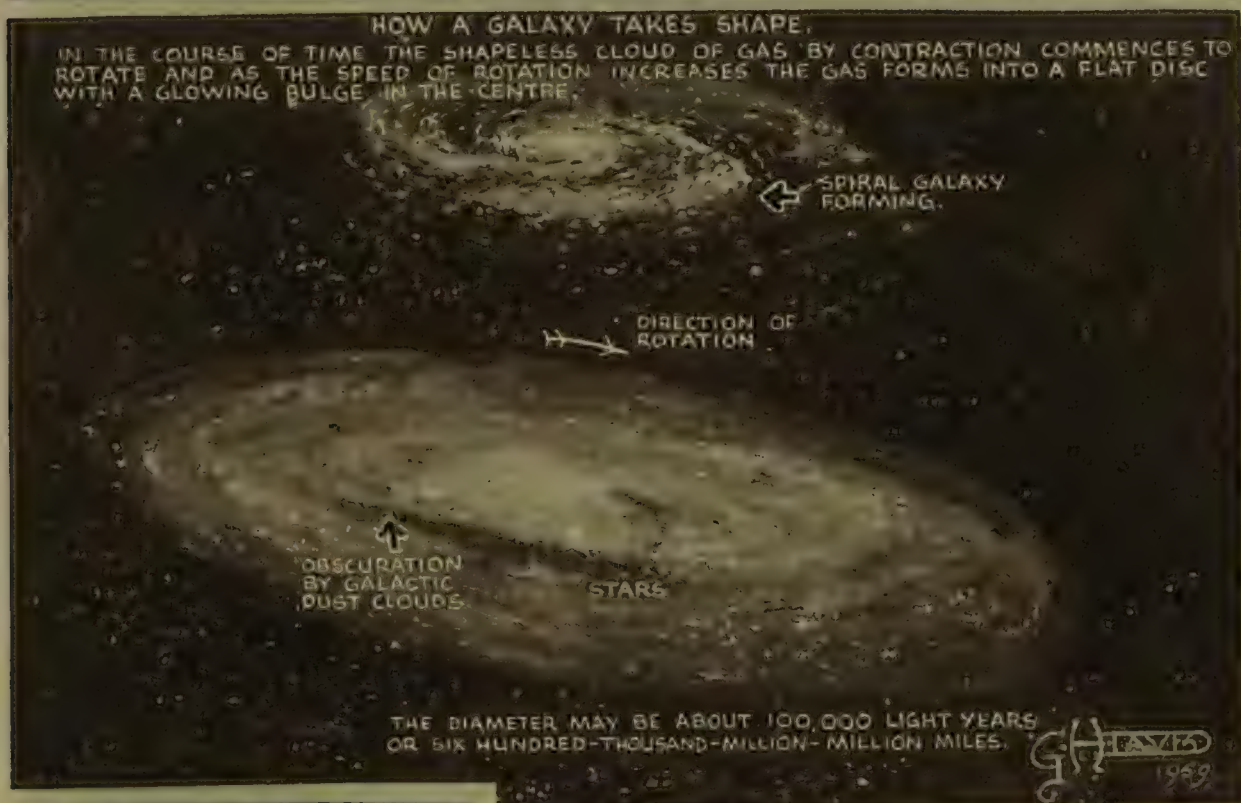
In complete contrast to the evolutionary models of relativistic cosmology (of which Lemaitre's is only one) stands the steady-state theory. The basis of this theory, as its name implies, is the assumption that the universe is not only uniform in space, but also unchanging in time when viewed on a sufficiently large scale. This seems to be the simplest possible model of the universe and the one in which our locally gained knowledge of physics can be applied with the greatest amount of confidence. For all our science has been learnt in—cosmologically speaking—a minute region in a very short period of time. Unless ours is a typical place and time, we cannot have much confidence in the applicability of our science elsewhere in the universe and at other times. Of course, this assumption of uniformity in space and time does not mean that the universe must conform to it. It only means that this seems a very good model to investigate because, owing to the confidence with which one can apply one's knowledge to all sorts of problems in it, one can make more and better forecasts by means of which the theory is open to the check of observation. The most remarkable feature of this theory is the process of continual creation. Owing to the expansion of the universe, the mean density of matter would appear to be diminishing all the time, contrary to the assumption that the system is unchanging. If we wish to remain true to our assumptions, therefore, we have no choice but to postulate that there is going on everywhere and at

all times a continual creation of matter, the appearance of atoms of hydrogen out of nothing. The rate of this continual creation is very low indeed, owing to the tenuous distribution of matter in the universe and the slowness of the expansion, as measured by terrestrial standards. In the whole of the volume of the earth it would only amount to a mass like that of a particle of dust every million years or so. Clearly, this is far below anything that could be measured directly and does not contradict the experiments or the experiences on which the usual law of conservation of matter is based. On the other hand, there is no doubt that it seems strange to us. Naturally, if we stray far from our usual environment where our experiences have been formed, we must not be surprised to find something strange. The mathematicians, too, find continuous creation inconvenient, having worked for a long time with a mathematically absolute law of conservation of matter. However, mathematical convenience is not a good guide in scientific progress.

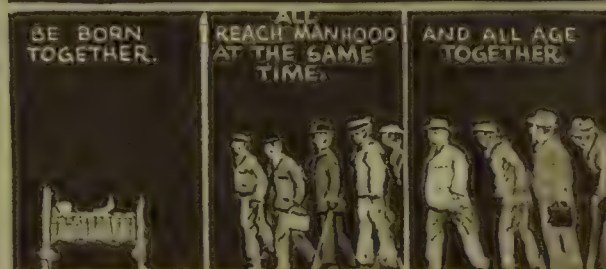
What, then, does this steady-state universe look like?

Although it is unchanging on a large scale, it is not unchanging in detail. Each individual galaxy ages owing to the way its resources of hydrogen are being depleted by its conversion into helium inside the stars, and for other reasons. However, the aging of the individual members of the universe does not imply that the universe as a whole is aging. If we look at a human population, then each individual is born, grows up, grows old and dies; but if we look at the population in a statistical way, then no changes seem to take place, at least if our population is stationary, which is the case we shall consider. Then, the number of children ten years old will be the same at one time as it is at any other, although, of course, the individuals will be different. Similarly, the fraction of the population over the age of sixty-five will be the same at all times, though, again, it will be composed of different individuals. Hence, a bird's-eye view of the system will always be the same. This is just like the universe of the steady-state theory. Individual galaxies age and move apart from each other owing to the expansion. In the increasing spaces between them, newly-created matter condenses to form new galaxies, so that the average distance remains the same. Condensation is the process of birth of a galaxy; expansion to regions hard to see is the process of death, and growing up comes in between. Although each galaxy ages in this manner, a bird's-eye view of the system will always reveal the same picture, just as in the case of our population.

This completes our description of the two theories. The tests that can be made, the observations by which one or the other, or possibly both, might be shot down, will form the subject of the next article.



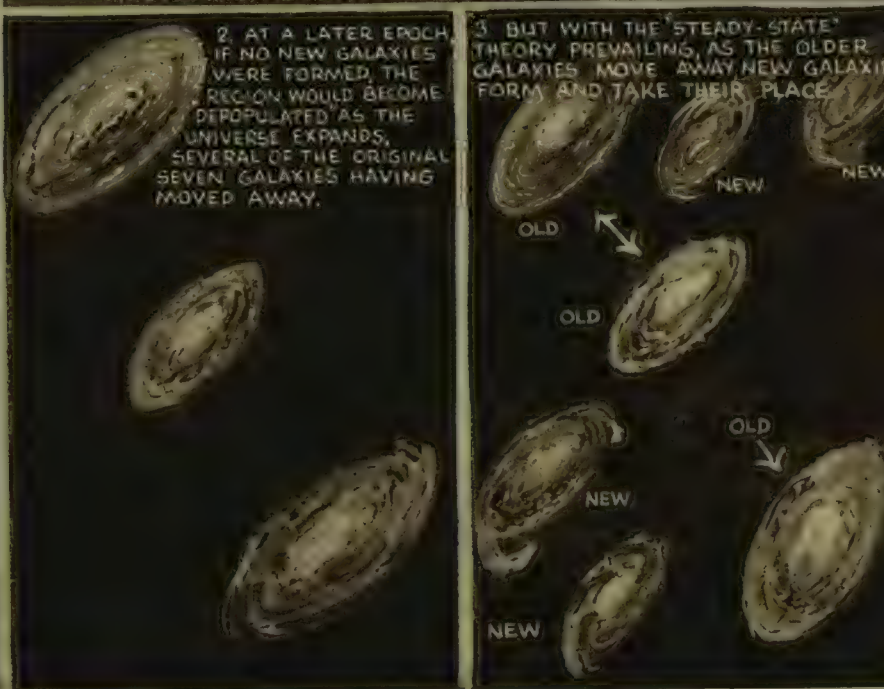
THUS IF WE ILLUSTRATE LEMAITRE'S THEORY WITH A HUMAN POPULATION THEY WOULD:



THE STEADY-STATE THEORY IS THAT THE GALAXIES ARE CONTINUOUSLY BEING BORN AND DRIFT APART. THUS, IF APPLIED TO A HUMAN POPULATION IN A STATISTICAL WAY (SINCE THE PEOPLE ARE BORN IN DIFFERENT YEARS) THE POPULATION REMAINS THE SAME IN NUMBERS IN EACH AGE GROUP.



HOW THE 'STEADY-STATE' THEORY IMPLIES CONTINUAL CREATION OF NEW GALAXIES TO REPLACE THE OLDER ONES THAT HAVE MOVED FAR AWAY OWING TO THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE.



THE TWO CURRENT THEORIES OF THE UNIVERSE: THE EVOLUTIONARY THEORY OF LEMAITRE AND THE STEADY-STATE THEORY, PUT FORWARD BY H. BONDI, T. GOLD AND F. HOYLE.

Two completely different accounts of how the universe has reached its present stage are given by Lemaître's evolutionary theory on the one hand, and by the steady-state theory on the other. In Lemaître's theory, which is based on Einstein's general theory of relativity, the entire universe passes through a sequence of different stages, one of which, in its middle age, is the formation

of the galaxies which now, in its old age, are receding from each other in a universe which is steadily becoming emptier. According to the steady-state theory, galaxies are drifting apart owing to the permanent motion of recession. The increasing spaces between them are then populated by galaxies freshly forming out of the newly-created matter.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Professor Bondi.



WHAT an exquisite month October can be! Day after golden day with the roses still blooming gloriously but the background foliage of shrubs losing its manifold greens

in favour of chrome and primrose, apricot and scarlet. Of the big bush roses, Grootendorst has flowered again, and Frühlingmorgen, loveliest of the singles. The blackbirds, scolding across the lawn at twilight, ignore the great swags of mahogany-red hawthorn berries, and, quarrelling with starlings and thrushes and sparrows, feast on the still ungathered Comice pears. It is a spectacle which, in most years, rouses bird-hating evil in my bosom; but not this year. Let it go on record that in the autumn of 1959 there was enough, even of the very best, for everyone. The latest apples, scarlet and crimson, glow among the thinned foliage, and a few huge bunches of black grapes have been left on the Landot vines which swing between two apple trees, because we cannot bear to cut them. Such Michaelmas daisies as have been spared by the drought-fostered mildew are still noisy with bees; the little fruits of the arbutus are swelling. A few cyclamen still show their subtle colour among the grass, new-greened by the first rain for two months, in the wild garden. What a summer! And what an autumn! Seasons such as those which must have created that silver age of poetry and prose just before a world came to an end in 1914. Neglecting our work, of which, Heaven knows, we have enough, for the garden is being remodelled, we drove over to lovely Sissinghurst. Plumbago was flowering in a warm corner, nerines at the foot of a wall. The great Mermaid rose, surely the finest plant of its kind in England, was splendidly in flower. Yet I can not, offhand, recall a single good poem to October in the anthologies.

But if there is most excellent lingering in the October garden, from dawn with a million cobwebs dew-gemmed on the lawn, to dusk with a cock-pheasant calling repeatedly from the little coppice of Morello cherries and an owl yelping as he hawks low over the orchard, there is also work to do. And, among the pleasantest, digging. How can gardeners bear to use a stinking, clamorous machine cultivator—I got rid of mine two years ago, thank God!—when there are good, sharp spades in the world! No time? Let them make time! Digging, until dusk makes the job nearly invisible—there are not many better things in this world.

Among the things we shall plant this autumn will be "botanical" or species tulips. Some, of several kinds, we have had for years. Now we have room for more. And in any case, not all our old plantings have survived. For about four years, perhaps five, we had an increasingly magnificent show of *Tulipa fosteriana* in the second week of April. Then, quite suddenly, this spring, we found that they had dwindled to only half a dozen plants. Why, I have no idea; possibly two or three years of rain had discouraged them. If you plant this one, choose the kind called "Red Emperor" or "Madame Lefebvre" and plant the groups of bulbs where, although the soil above them is cultivated, you can leave them alone. They will grow to about 18 ins. tall, and the flowers are colossal, vermilion or scarlet, splendid when closed in bud, but, when they open to the sun on a bright day, breathtaking, great discs of flaming brilliance, seeming to give out rather than reflect light. Put them out of the prevailing wind, though; a gusty day will flatten the lot. If that

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOTANICAL TULIPS.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

is impossible, then plant the dwarf selection called "Princeps" which, nearer the ground, is less apt to suffer damage.

Glorious though it be, *fosteriana* is not my favourite among the wild tulips or the simple crosses between two species usually listed with them. It is gorgeous, but I prefer the less flamboyant tulips, and of them all, *kaufmanniana* for its subtle colours and its pleasant habit of crouching close to the ground and of turning its pointed buds into a big wheel of buff and scarlet when the sun comes out. Now, when I first planted *kaufmanniana*, there was, or seemed to be, just the type; now, by selection of strains, there are at least eighteen varieties. Plant the species, which is cream and carmine and buff; "Aurea" is yellow and scarlet; "Shakespeare" in several shades of orange; some of the crosses with *T. greigii* are very fine, notably "César



"I PREFER ... OF THEM ALL, KAUFMANNIANA FOR ITS SUBTLE COLOURS AND ITS PLEASANT HABIT OF CROUCHING CLOSE TO THE GROUND AND OF TURNING ITS POINTED BUDS INTO A BIG WHEEL OF BUFF AND SCARLET WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

Franck," and the primrose, chrome and rose "Vivaldi."

Neither of these tulips presents any difficulty, unless it be finding the money to buy the rather dear bulbs. I plant deep, with at least 6 ins. of soil over the tip of the bulbs. Where bad drainage is suspected, especially in the wetter parts of Britain, it is as well to dig deep first and put in a bucketful of gravel, pottery shards and broken glass under the place where you are about to plant... say 15 ins. or 18 ins. under the bottom of the bulbs. And plant in groups of at least six bulbs. With luck, they will increase and multiply, "naturalising" themselves.

T. sylvestris is the English native tulip. Plant it where it will not be overgrown by coarse grasses, for it is a delicate and graceful plant, the flowers, greenish-yellow on the outside and bright yellow within, being two or three to a slender, drooping stem, and fragrant. *T. clusiana* can well be grouped with *sylvestris*, it is of the same size and substance, but the flowers are white and crimson. Neither is suitable for planting between stone flags of a path or rock garden, but some of the *kaufmanniana*s are, and likewise *T. dasystemon*, also called *T. tarda*, for it grows only 6 ins. high at most, the stems bearing several flowers of greeny-white shot with a kind of mauvy-grey.

I paid good money for bulbs of *T. turkestanica* a few years ago and wish I had it back. This is a disappointing although curious tulip, which can perfectly honestly be described in colourful terms by a nurseryman, for the colours are there if you look closely. But the general effect of the multi-headed flowers is a dirty cream and the enormous seed-pods are untidy until you cut them off. If I *did* have that money back, I would spend it on *T. sprengeri*, an Armenian tulip of flaming scarlet, orange and buff, growing 18 ins. tall and flowering at the end of May, so that it completes the species tulip season and links it with that of the cultivated tulips.

Those are all the species tulips I know from personal experience, but by no means all there are to grow, and I shall be planting what, to me, are new ones, seen in the gardens of friends or nurserymen. For our extremely small piece of rock garden, a stone-paved space and stair, on which opens the french window of the sitting-room, I shall try *T. persica*; it is a dwarf, about 3 or 4 ins. tall at most, with bronze-coloured flowers opening chrome yellow. And it is, like our native tulip, fragrant. Last year I saw, in a garden on the East Coast, some tulips—I think it was in the last week of April or the first of May—which I took to be a super-variety of *fosteriana*, with enormous vermilion flowers, without exaggeration as large as a dinner plate when open in the sun, and which were, in fact, *T. tubergeniana*. That is another species, coming, I believe, from Soviet Turkestan, which I should like to try, although at something like 50s. a dozen bulbs they are too dear for this year's list! I have already ordered *saxatilis*, a multi-headed species with petals of pale lilac and opening to expose a yellow centre. Another on my order this year is *kolkowskiana*, whose gold and pink flowers so delighted me when I saw them in a front garden of Tunbridge Wells while walking about that handsome town, that

I broke all the rules of decent reserve, knocked at the front door, and asked to be told what they were called. I remember that the lady who answered my knock replied to my question that she would write it down for me as she could not pronounce it: after I had looked it up and discovered that it was formerly called *T. borszczowi*, I concluded that she really had nothing to complain of.

As far as I know, all tulips bloom in the spring, but I once, in my ignorance, thought I had discovered one which flowered in autumn. I had been attending the wine festival at the vintage of Soave, and had gone to the Dolomites to recover. There, in the mountains, we found a golden yellow tulip-like or crocus-like flower of great charm. We brought home a couple of bulbs, but they did not survive. The plant was neither a tulip nor a crocus but *Sternbergia lutea* and I do not know a single English garden where this most valuable autumn-flowering species is well represented.

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THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XLI. EPSOM COLLEGE.



A VIEW OF SOME OF THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS, WITH HART-SMITH TO THE LEFT, ALBERT WING (CENTRE) AND MASTERS' HOUSES TO THE RIGHT.



LOOKING ALONG THE MAGNIFICENT AVENUE OF BEECHES PLANTED BY A FORMER HEADMASTER, AND KNOWN AS CHAPEL DRIVE. TO THE LEFT IS NEWSOM BUILDING.

Epsom College owes its existence to the vision and energy of John Propert, who, just over a hundred years ago, conceived the plan of a Foundation, "first, to provide an asylum for duly qualified medical men and their widows, in reduced circumstances; secondly, to provide a school for the sons of duly qualified medical men." The foundation-stone was laid on July 6, 1853, by the first President, Earl Manvers, deputising for H.R.H. the Prince Consort, who was at the last moment prevented from attending by illness. He was,

however, able formally to open the school on June 15, 1855, and was accompanied by the Prince of Wales. The first hundred boys assembled on October 10. The school was at first known as "The Royal Medical Benevolent College," and for many years the Foundation's pensioners lived in what are now masters' houses at the north end of the main block of buildings, seen on the left as one approaches up the main drive. The pensioners ceased before 1900 to live at the College, and in 1903, through the agency of the fifth [Continued overleaf].

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

EPSOM COLLEGE: A VIEW OF THE COLLEGE'S MAIN LANDMARK, THE TOWER, WHICH IS THE CENTRE OF THE MAIN BLOCK.



Continued. Earl of Rosebery, its then President, the words "Medical" and "Benevolent" were removed from the title. The grounds, not at first extensive, were added to steadily between 1870 and 1900, though much of the new land did not become playing-fields until after the First World War. In early days football was played on the slope below the present five courts, known to-day as Chapel Pitch, and cricket on a ground between Epsom Downs Station

and the Golf Club House. The number of boys increased to 280 by 1914, then rapidly between 1920 and 1939 to 474, and by 1948 to the full complement of 350 boarders and 150 day-boys, agreed some twenty-five years earlier. The period between the wars also saw a good deal of building—sanatorium, houses for day-boys, chemistry and biology laboratories, school shop, pavilion, classrooms—and the enlargement by 1925 of the Chapel to its present proportions.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

Recently—since 1957—a new Forest House has been built to replace the old, and by the generosity of the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools a new block of four classrooms has been added. This year kitchens and dining-halls are being entirely reconstructed and re-grouped in an operation due for completion before Christmas. The school was never confined to the sons of doctors nor to boys intending to be doctors. The

medical connection remains strong and a great many Epsomians become doctors, but the number is not more than one in three, and the evidence of the Centenary Register shows that to have been always roughly the proportion; though in the last few years it seems to have fallen to one in four or five. Foundation scholars, all sons of medical men or women in "necessitous circumstances," most of them orphans, were from the first *[Continued overleaf]*

EPSOM COLLEGE: VIEWS OF THE VICTORIAN SCHOOL BUILDINGS.



SET AMID PLEASANT GROUNDS PLANTED WITH BEAUTIFUL TREES: THE BOYS' ENTRANCE, WITH THE LIBRARY (RIGHT) AND THE MASTERS' COMMON ROOM ON THE LEFT.



LOOKING DOWN A PATH FROM THE ALBERT WING: THE MAIN DINING HALL (AT THE END), WITH MASTERS' RESIDENCES—ONCE THE ALMSHOUSES—ON THE LEFT.

Continued. educated free of charge. The number, until recently, of foundationers in the school was fixed at "not more than fifty." In 1954 the Council raised this number and introduced a scale for assistance proportionate to means. Those who need it may still have everything paid; others are helped according to their needs. The present number of Foundationers is fifty-four. The principal games are cricket, rugby football and athletics. The C.C.F. and

shooting have in recent years been strong, and there is a host of minor sports and other activities. The Senior Scouts have, for example, in summer holidays since the war, camped in Luxembourg, Austria, Germany, the French Alps, Scotland and North Norway. In 1960 they go to Iceland. In 1955 the College was honoured at its Centenary by the visit of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

"RECENT ACQUISITIONS" AT TOOTH'S: LEPINE, FORAIN, UTRILLO AND OTHERS.



"NOTRE DAME," BY ALBERT LEBOURG (1849-1928): A FAVOURITE SUBJECT FOR THIS MINOR IMPRESSIONIST WHO LOVED PARIS AND PAINTED IT SO WELL. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 31½ ins.)



"THE COLLEONI STATUE, VENICE," BY JAMES HOLLAND (1800-1870): A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE, DATED 1845. (Oil on canvas: 38 by 49 ins.)



"BORDS DE SEINE," BY STANISLAS LEPINE (1838-1892): ANOTHER OF THE REALLY OUTSTANDING PAINTINGS IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION, "RECENT ACQUISITIONS, 1959," NOW ON VIEW AT TOOTH'S. (Oil on canvas: 8½ by 13 ins.)



"APRES DINER," BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931): AN EARLY WORK, c. 1885, BEFORE HIS MORE SATIRICAL STYLE. (Water-colour: 15½ by 14 ins.)



"SACRE CŒUR," BY MAURICE UTRILLO (1883-1955): SHOWING AN EXCEPTIONALLY FREE TECHNIQUE. (Oil on panel: 29 by 20½ ins.)



"MARINO, ITALY," BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875): PAINTED IN 1820, THIS FINE EARLY WORK BEARS LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO HIS MORE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR LATER PICTURES. (Oil on canvas: 9½ by 13½ ins.)

The current exhibition at Arthur Tooth and Sons Ltd., 31, Bruton Street, W.1, is called "Recent Acquisitions" and consists of thirty-two paintings of the 19th and 20th centuries from several schools and countries, with one or two of an earlier date. The strongest emphasis is naturally on French paintings, and works by Renoir, Maufra, Lebourg, Segonzac, Rouault, Daubigny, Marquet, Redon, Utrillo, Sisley, Derain, Lepine, Vuillard and Forain form the bulk of the exhibition. Three of the most interesting are by that most neglected of modern French artists, Valtat, who seems to have started by painting in the

manner of Bonnard and Vuillard—and sometimes of Toulouse-Lautrec—graduated to becoming a Fauve, and to have continued in that vein until his death in 1952. A water-colour and wash drawing by Dunoyer de Segonzac come as pleasing reminders of the large exhibition of his work at the Royal Academy. A magnificent picture is a canvas of Venice by James Holland, in whom that city seemed to bring out the very best. A Redon of a Gothic church window is as strange and arresting as the best of Redon always is. The exhibition closes on December 19.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ROMAN GOLD PIECES SINCE THE GREAT FIND AT ARRAS, INCLUDING UNIQUE MEDALLIONS OF THE EMPEROR MAXENTIUS.

By R. A. G. CARSON, Assistant Keeper, Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum.

Photographs by courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (photographer Edward J. Moore) (Figs. 2-17), and the Trustees of the British Museum (Fig. 1). All coins are reproduced enlarged.

A NEW treasure of Roman gold coins and medallions which made its appearance in London earlier this year has, with the exception of one medallion which the Trustees of the British Museum secured, been acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The range and conservation of the group suggest that it represents either a hoard or a substantial part of one, but no reliable information is available as to the source of these pieces and the internal evidence indicates nothing more definite than a Mediterranean origin. This treasure of fifteen aurei, the standard gold coins of the Roman Empire up to about A.D. 312, and five medallions or multiple aurei, without doubt, the greatest discovery of Roman gold pieces since the amazing find made near Arras in 1922. Although the present treasure cannot match in quantity the thirteen medallions and 145 coins of the Arras find, its interest and its value for both the historical and artistic aspects of numismatic research are comparable.

The fifteen aurei are all of emperors of the successive Tetrarchies between A.D. 295 and about A.D. 307: a single piece of Diocletian, four of Maximian, two of Constantius Chlorus, three of Galerius, three of Maxentius and one each of Maximinus Daza and Constantine with the rank of Cæsar. Of these one piece is quite new, a considerable number are of great rarity, and all are in excellent condition. The medallions, all five, are in a superb state and completely new pieces. Two of them are four-aureus pieces of the Emperor Maximian. The gold multiples in his name which have previously been recorded have been of the period of his joint reign with Diocletian, but these new pieces are of Maximian's second reign in association with his son Maxentius. The remaining medallions, a four-aureus piece and two two-aureus pieces are of Maxentius himself. No gold medallions of Maxentius have ever been seen before, nor do any of the early catalogues mention such pieces, though there was a four-aureus medallion of Romulus, son of Maxentius, in the Paris Cabinet until the great theft of 1830.

Both medallions of Maximian (Figs. 2 and 3) show his portrait with the lion scalp head-dress of Hercules, the deity under whose special protection he considered himself to be. The phrase *SEN(IOR) AVG(VSTVS)* in the titulature of one of the medallions dates this particular piece to the second reign of Maximian. After abdicating, together with Diocletian, in 305, Maximian became an active Augustus for a second time when in October 306 his son Maxentius had himself proclaimed emperor by the troops in Rome and was joined by Maximian. The reverses show Hercules and Mars, described as *Marti conserv augg et caes n* and *Herculi comiti augg et caes n*, the double G of the abbreviation for Augustorum and the mention of a single Cæsar indicating the rule of two Augusti and one Cæsar. This medallion can, in fact, be dated with some accuracy. On the first issue of aurei by Maxentius after setting himself up, he has the unusual title of *Princeps Invictus* and one piece has a Hercules reverse identical with that of this medallion, except that the inscription refers to two Cæsars as well as two Augusti. These were presumably Maximian and Galerius, with Maximinus and Constantine as Cæsars. This medallion, and an aureus of Maxentius with a similar reverse, come later, after the rupture with Galerius; the two Augusti

referred to now are Maximian and Maxentius, and the one Cæsar is Constantine in the period between the end of 306 and the advancement of Constantine to the rank of Augustus on March 31, 307.

The medallion with the Hercules reverse was struck at Rome, but the piece with Mars is the first multiple aureus to be recorded from the Carthage mint. Although the portrait on the medallion from Carthage is in higher relief than that from Rome and the treatment of the lion skin is different, the two portraits could well have been done by the same artist. The drawing of the

portraits of Maximian and Maxentius are the last examples of an extremely long tradition in ancient coinage. The head of Hercules, hooded in the skin of the Nemean lion, though it appears on Greek coinage as early as the sixth century B.C., is best known on the silver of Alexander the Great, where the young Hercules head becomes in time a portrait of Alexander. In the Roman series the portrait of Commodus is commonly adorned with the lion scalp of Hercules, and it is later used by Gallienus, by Postumus in Gaul, and by Probus. As Hercules was the patron of the Western Tetrarchs, Maximian and Constantius, these "Herculean" emperors are often shown wearing the lion skin; now in the second reign of Maximian Hercules both he and his son, Maxentius, are portrayed with this adornment. The radiate crown worn by Maxentius on one of the two-aureus medallions (Fig. 7) was the mark of a deified emperor in the early empire, but later it became no more than a currency convention, marking a double piece, here a double aureus. The bare-headed portrait of Maxentius

on the four-aureus medallion (Fig. 1) has a certain grave magnificence and its large flan and superb condition show to unique advantage the portrait art of the early fourth century.

The earliest of the aurei in the treasure was struck at Rome on the occasion of the seventh consulship of Diocletian in A.D. 292. The reverse shows the Emperor in consular robes, holding *mappa* and sceptre, the insignia of the consulship (Fig. 4). Three of the aurei of Maximian (Figs. 10, 11) dating from his first reign together with Diocletian, commemorate the vows celebrated in the twentieth year of Diocletian's reign in A.D. 303. One (not illustrated), unlike the other two, carries no plain indication of its mint, but the small eagle at the bottom of the wreath on the reverse is, in fact, a pun on *aquila*, an eagle, and the name of the mint, Aquileia. The fourth aureus of Maximian, however, struck at Rome when Maximian became an Augustus for a second time, refers to him both in his title on the obverse and in the reverse inscription as Senior Augustus, and the reverse (Fig. 5) celebrates the entry of Maximian into Rome following the proclamation of his son Maxentius in October, 306.

Aurei of the Augusti of the second Tetrarchy in 305, Constantius Chlorus (Fig. 14) and Galerius (Fig. 15), share a common reverse type, and though this reverse had previously been known for Galerius it had not been recorded for Constantius. Both these pieces are from the mint of Aquileia, as is a second aureus of Constantius with a reverse of Concordia, hailing the harmony between the two emperors (Fig. 12). Galerius as Cæsar, or second-in-command to Diocletian, is represented by an aureus whose reverse shows a fortified gateway

(Fig. 17), an architectural type popular in the early fourth century. A third gold piece of Galerius (not illustrated) shows Jupiter and his thunderbolt, for Jupiter, the chief of the gods, had been taken as patron deity by Diocletian, the senior of the Tetrarchs, and subsequently by his successor Galerius.

The portrait of Maxentius on his three aurei is somewhat similar to that on his four-aureus medallion in the treatment of hair and beard. Two pieces struck at Rome (Fig. 13, the other not illustrated) have a representation of Roma herself and describe Maxentius as the preserver of the city. The mint at Carthage when it began to strike for Maxentius was not certain what rank to accord him and early gold coins give him not the rank of Augustus, but only that of Cæsar (Fig. 6). The last two aurei are of the Cæsars, the junior members of the second Tetrarchy, Maximinus Daza (Fig. 16) and Constantine (Fig. 8), who became Cæsar of the West on the death of his father, Constantius, at York in 306.



FIG. 1. A SPLENDID AND UNIQUE GOLD MEDALLION OF THE EMPEROR MAXENTIUS, RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM, OF 4-AUREUS SIZE. THE REVERSE SHOWS MARS. (ENLARGED NEARLY 2 x 1.)



FIG. 2. A NOBLE 4-AUREUS MEDALLION OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMIAN—OF HIS SECOND REIGN, WHEN ASSOCIATED WITH HIS SON MAXENTIUS. THE REVERSE SHOWS MARS. FROM THE CARTHAGE MINT. (NEARLY 2 x 1.)



FIG. 3. ANOTHER 4-AUREUS MEDALLION OF MAXIMIAN, WEARING THE LION-SKIN HEAD-DRESS OF HERCULES. HERCULES ALSO APPEARS ON THE REVERSE. IT CAN BE DATED WITHIN ABOUT FOUR MONTHS. (NEARLY 2 x 1.) These three splendid medallions, the two 2-aureus medallions on the opposite page, and 15 aurei (of which we reproduce twelve on the opposite page) represent the greatest discovery of Roman gold pieces since 1922. Where they were found is not known. They were acquired, through Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, except for Fig. 1, which has been purchased for the British Museum. Quite apart from their value, their artistic merits and certain unique features, the collection as a whole is most valuable for the light it throws on a particularly tangled period of the Roman Empire's history.

Mars figure (Fig. 2) has so close an identity with that on the Maxentius medallion from Rome (Fig. 1) that it suggests that the dies of these major pieces, at any rate, were produced at one centre for distribution to several mints.

The four-aureus medallion of Maxentius (Fig. 1), with the reverse type of Mars, is almost identical with that on the Maximian medallion, but is inscribed *Principi imperii romani* and was struck at Rome. Hercules appears in a slightly different stance on one of the two-aureus pieces of Maxentius (Fig. 7), while, on the other, Maxentius receives from Roma a globe, the symbol of imperial power (Fig. 9).

The Hercules reverses are amongst the latest instances of the representation of this deity on Roman coinage based on an ancient sculptural figure. Here it is not the "Farnese Hercules" at Naples which is copied, where Hercules leans on his club placed on a rock, but the pose is reminiscent of a marble figure, itself already at Boston, of a type attributed to Alcamenes. The Hercules-type

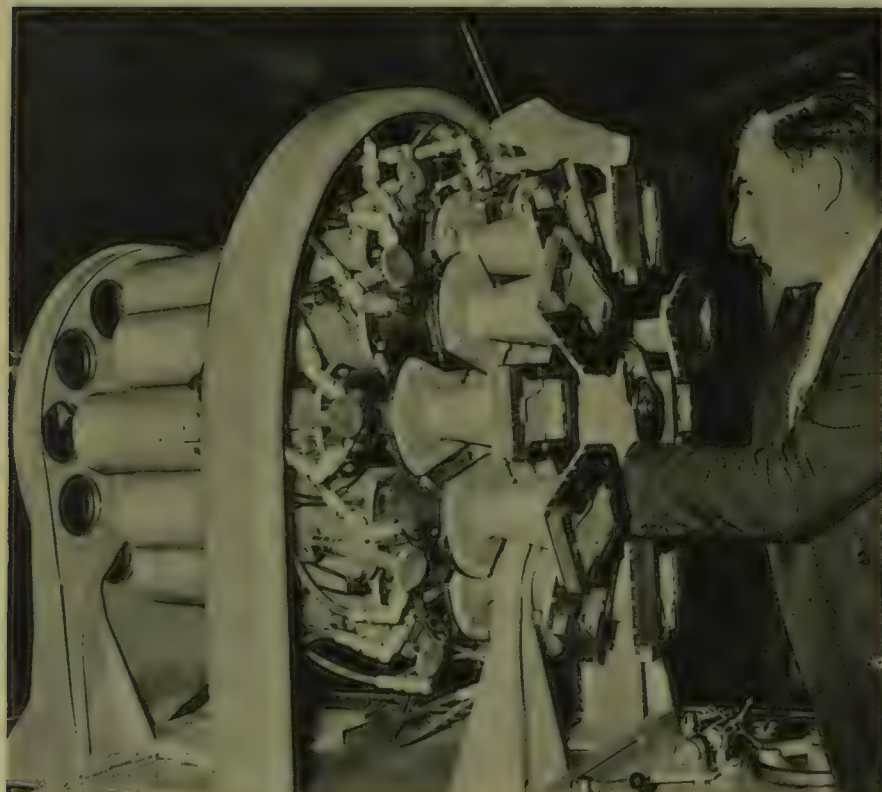


A VIVID FOOTNOTE TO GIBBON'S "DECLINE AND FALL"— IN NEWLY-FOUND GOLD COINS OF SEVEN ROMAN EMPERORS.

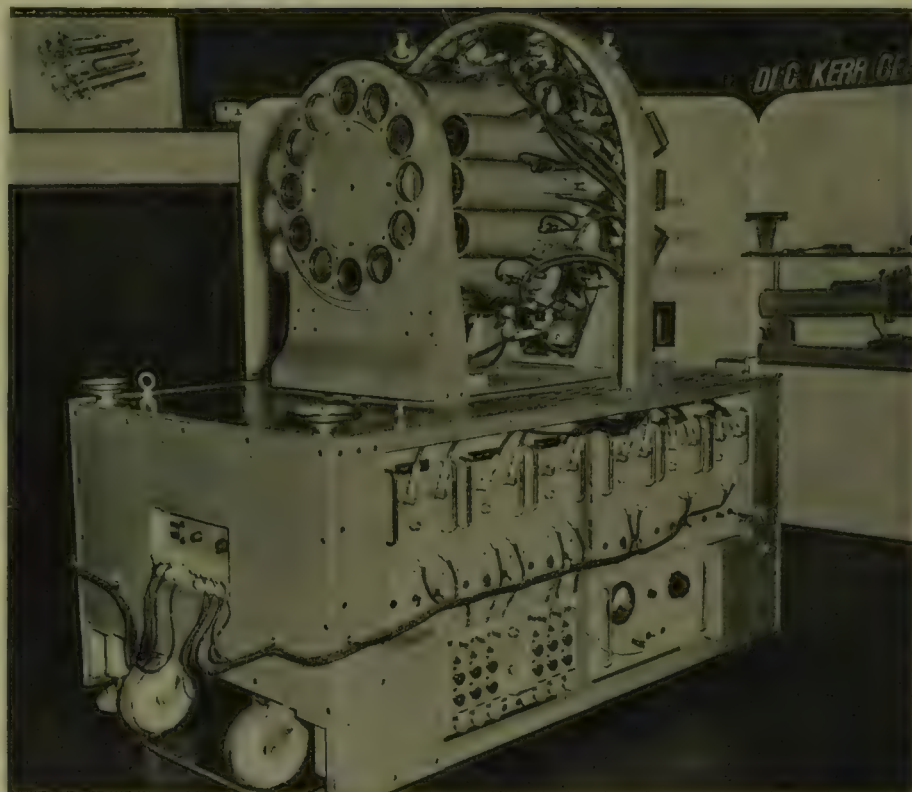
These magnificent gold coins (each reproduced 2 x 1) illustrate a chaotic period of Roman Imperial history between the two great Emperors, Diocletian and Constantine the Great. Diocletian reigned with Maximian as his colleague with the title of Augustus, with two junior rulers, Galerius and Constantius Chlorus with the title of Cæsar. He abdicated in A.D. 305, forcing Maximian to do likewise. Galerius and Constantius Chlorus took title of Augustus, but Maximian, urged by Maxentius, his son, reassumed the title of Augustus within the year, Maxentius becoming joint Augustus in 306. Galerius, whose nephew, Maximinus Daza, had become Cæsar in 305, lost Italy to Maxentius;

and died in 311. Maximinus Daza and Licinius had both assumed the title of Augustus in 308 but quarrelled, fought and Maximinus Daza fled in defeat in 313. Meanwhile, Constantius Chlorus had died at York in 306 and his son, Constantine the Great (previously Cæsar), took title of Augustus in 307. Maximian, who was Constantine's father-in-law, made an unsuccessful attempt on Constantine's life and committed suicide in 310. Maxentius was defeated by Constantine and died in 312. The association of Licinius (who had become Constantine's brother-in-law) with Constantine ended in 324, when Constantine ordered his death; and Constantine reigned alone until 337.

MODERN ARMAMENTS AND THE FANTASTIC TOOLS NEEDED IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT.



CAPABLE OF TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE RATE OF 10,000,000 PER SECOND: THE 12-CHANNEL KERR CELL CAMERA USED IN DETONATION RESEARCH AT FORT HALSTEAD.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE 12-CELL HIGH-SPEED CAMERA, ALSO SHOWN IN THE PICTURE, LEFT A MOST USEFUL TOOL OF THE ARMAMENT RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT.

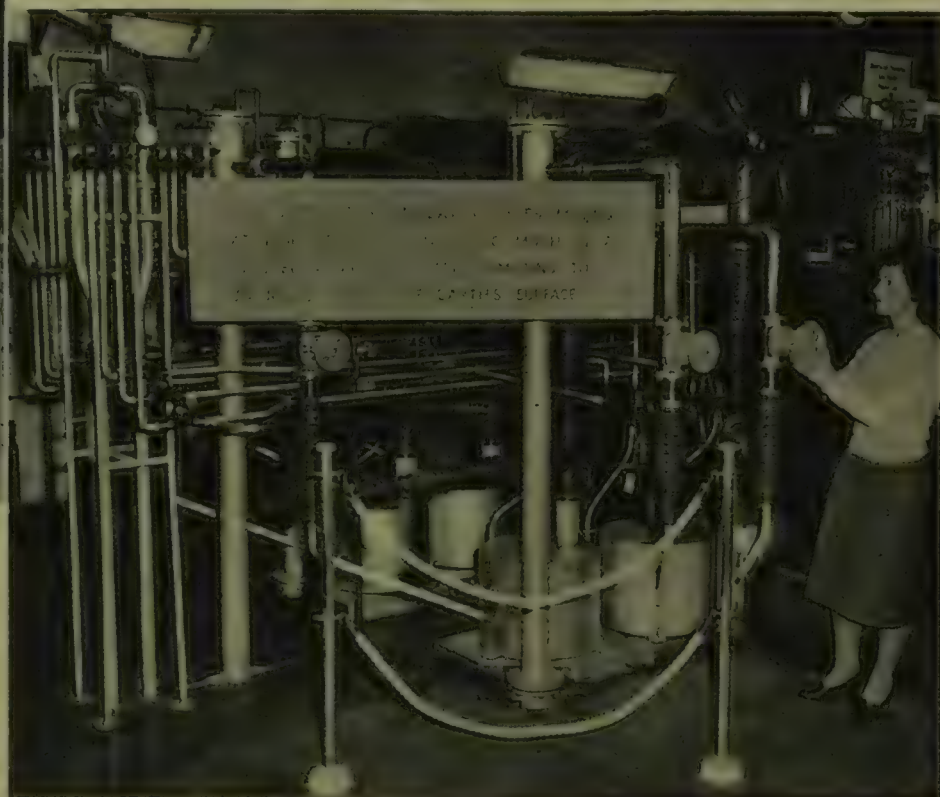


AN EXHIBIT ON THE ARMOUR-PIERCING QUALITIES OF PROJECTILES AT THE ARMAMENT RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT. EXTREME RIGHT, A HOLLOW CHARGE PROJECTILE.

ON November 3 the Armament Research and Development Establishment at Fort Halstead held its first "open day" for the Press, which was followed on November 5 with an "open day" for foreign military attachés. This establishment, whose Director is Dr. D. H. Black, is concerned with intricate and varied research and development for the three Services and also basic research. It was formerly under the Ministry of Supply, but with the closing of this Ministry, it may be transferred to the War Office or to the new Ministry of Aviation. We show on these pages some of the exhibits, from grave to gay (with the F.S.M. Mark I), and also some of the incredibly intricate apparatus needed for its research. Apart from the 12-cell high-speed camera and the astonishing equipment which simulates bodies moving [Continued opposite.

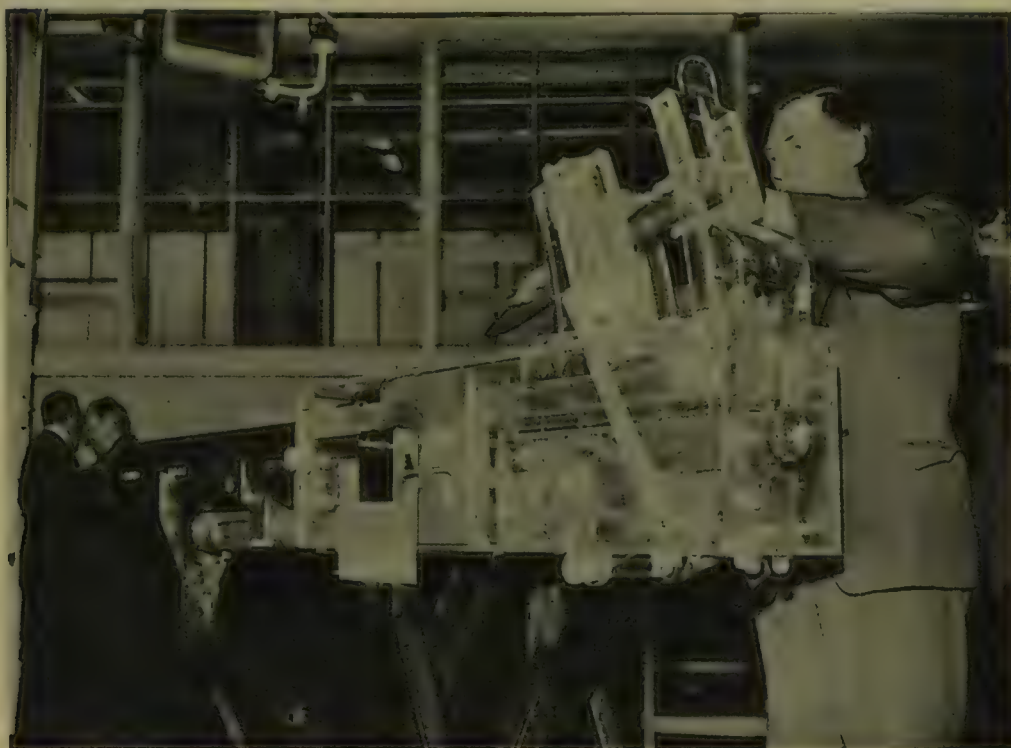


A RECOIL-LESS GUN WHICH HAS BEEN SPECIALLY DEVELOPED FOR ANTI-TANK ACTION IN THE DIFFICULT CONDITIONS OF JUNGLE WARFARE AND THE LIKE.



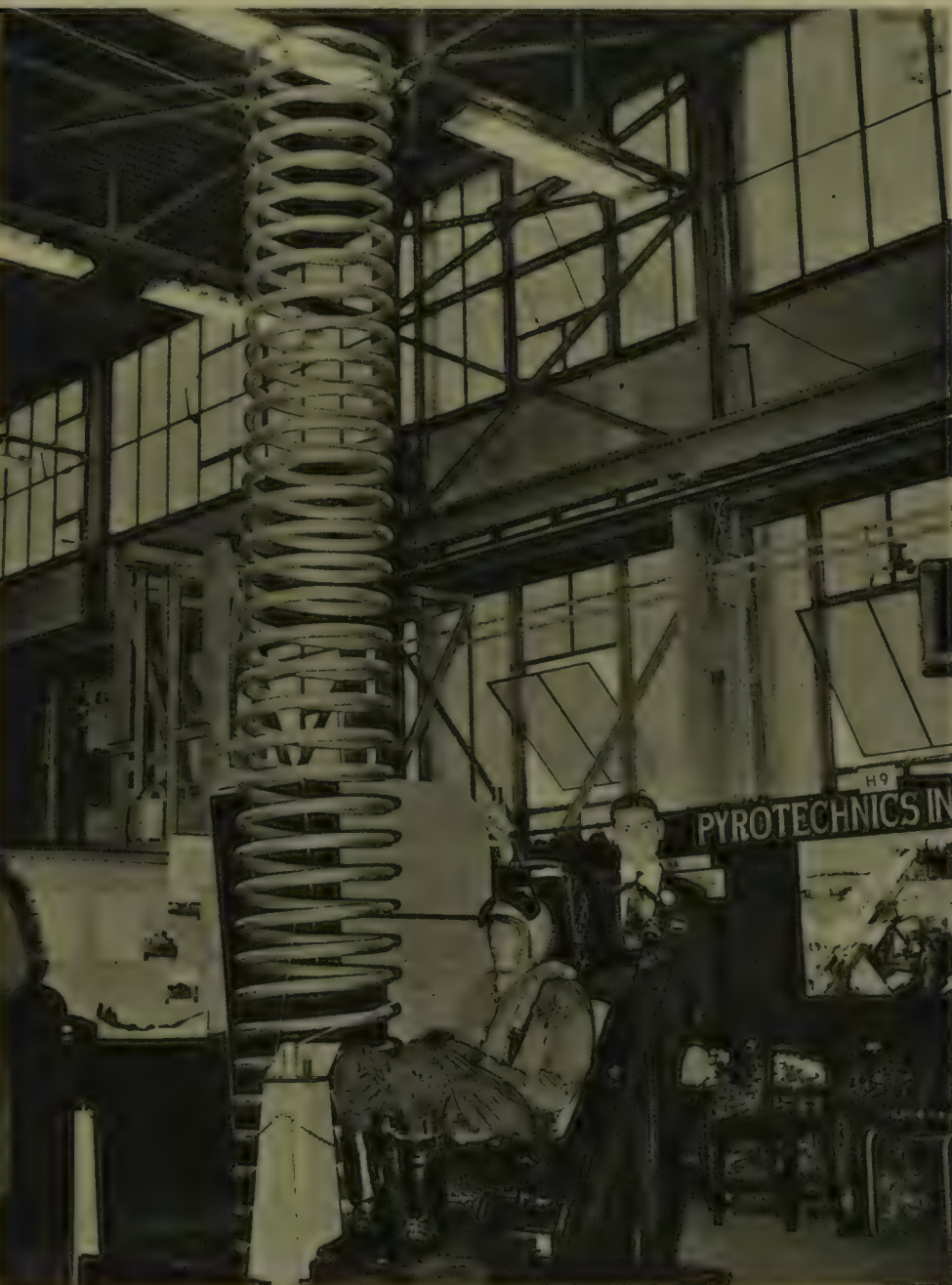
AN AMAZING PIECE OF APPARATUS WHICH SIMULATES BODIES MOVING AT SPEEDS APPROACHING 15,000 M.P.H. IN RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE EQUIVALENT TO 30 MILES UP.

AN ARMAMENTS RESEARCH EXHIBITION: SOME ITEMS GRAVE AND GAY.



THE MECHANISM OF THE 40/70 MARK 2 BOFORS GUN COMPLETELY BROUGHT TO LIGHT—IN A MODEL MADE OF "PERSPEX" AND EXHIBITED AT FORT HALSTEAD.

Continued.] at very high speeds in a rarefied atmosphere, which we illustrate, there is also "Amos," a high-speed digital computer, made by Ferranti, which solves the most complicated mathematical problems with surprising speed. There are also instruments to judge the effect of nuclear explosions; and many components of guided weapons are exhibited. Among the conventional weapons is a new anti-tank gun. This is the *Wombat*, which is a lightweight recoilless 120-mm. gun for infantry use, which will eventually supersede the *Bat* and its successor the *Mobat*. The *Wombat* weighs 650 lb. against the ton of the *Bat* and the 1700 lb. of the *Mobat*. The design of the cartridge shown for use with the ejector seat called for the greatest care as it needed to be strong enough to force out the pilot at the highest speeds and yet not so strong as to break his neck in the process. The exhibit graphically illustrates the power needed.



BESIDE THE DUMMY PILOT, A DEMONSTRATOR HOLDS UP THE CARTRIDGE WHICH FIRES A 1-LB. CHARGE, WITH AN EJECTION EFFECT EQUIVALENT TO THE COMPRESSION OF THE HUGE SPRING SHOWN.



MODERN RIFLES BOTH: ABOVE, THE LATEST F.N. 7.62-MM. RIFLE WITH A HOME-MADE AFFAIR MADE BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS IN 1954.



A LIGHTEARTED EXHIBIT: THE ARROWS ARE LABELLED "F.S.M. MARK 1"—F.S.M., IN THIS CASE, STANDING FOR "FIN-STABILISED MISSILE."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A PAPAL PRESENT.

and Harlequins and the other personages of the Italian Comedy, and the groups of lovers and coy young women and ogling gallants, these pieces illustrated here, for all their theatricality (but it's sound, serious theatre!), are imbued with genuine religious sentiment while technically they are marvels.

Pope Clement XIV commissioned Kaendler

to make this altar set of twenty-seven pieces in 1772. Clement died three years later, and so did Kaendler, but by then the work was finished and all that was required was to substitute the arms of the new Pope, Pius VI, for those of his predecessor on the lower parts of the smaller candlesticks. I doubt whether Clement would be pleased could he learn that the set he had ordered from the greatest porcelain modeller of the 18th century would appear in a London auction room not quite 200 years later; he might also be annoyed with his successor, who did not seem to appreciate it. In the course of the centuries not very much has left the Vatican, certainly not many objects of piety, and this set was apparently used for some years in the private chapel of Pius VI. There is no record of the exact date or the circumstances in which it came to England, but the most likely explanation is that

it was a present from the Pope—who died in 1796—to the Duke of Bridgewater during one of the latter's many visits to Italy in pursuit of fine paintings, and so came down in the family to the present owner, Lord Ellesmere. The paintings, many of which are now on loan to the National Gallery of Scotland, and the porcelain, remained at Bridgewater House, overlooking Green Park, for about a century and a half.

For obvious reasons, I illustrate only a sample from among these twenty-seven pieces, but it should require a very small imaginative effort to realise their magnificent effect when they were originally displayed as they deserved in the surroundings for which they were intended. As for myself, up till now I have only seen them standing jammed up against one another on a shelf in Christie's basement—and as I was expecting nothing of the sort, I began to understand something of the excitement of those fortunate few who have explored an untouched Egyptian tomb or—a more recent event—of the Chinese who penetrated the tomb of the Ming Emperor Wan Li (have you had the opportunity yet of seeing the remarkable film record of that discovery?).

I am informed there is a similar set in Vienna, made a little earlier than this one for the Dowager Empress of Austria, but up till now Lord Ellesmere's appears to have escaped the attention of the historians. Students of ceramics will have no difficulty in recognising in these various figures just those qualities of mingled vitality and grace which are so marked a feature of Kaendler's secular statuettes, which are at once so technically brilliant and so endearing. Apart from the Crucifix, there are a dozen figures of Saints, half of them 20 ins., the rest 10 ins., in height, and fourteen candlesticks varying from 17 to 40 ins. Six of the Saints were first modelled by Kaendler as far back as 1735 after designs by Camillo Rusconi for the church of San Giovanni in Laterano.

ONE OF THE TALL CANDLESTICKS, WITH THE ENCHANTING ANGELS PERCHED AT THE CORNERS OF THE BASES. IRONICALLY, KAENDLER DIED BEFORE BEING PAID FOR THIS SET, ONE OF HIS FINEST ACHIEVEMENTS. (40 ins. high.)

Details are absorbing: the eye rests with exceptional pleasure upon the enchanting little cherubs which perch with the ease of infant ballet dancers upon the corners of the candlesticks. The saints, as are to be expected, are not the heraldic figures of a distant past but the naturalistically modelled actors in a drama which is taking place before us—in short, the whole set is conceived according to the conventions of its day but without the dry classicism which was soon to become the factory's ideal. Anyone interested enough to probe further will find a very beautiful, gently sentimental group by Acier—"The Happy Family," of the year 1775, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which makes an excellent contrast between the style of the still lively Kaendler and that of his less exuberant successor.

Eight of the candlesticks are decorated with the coat of arms of Pope Pius VI, who was Angelo Braschi, of the family Braschi-Onesti, Dukes of Nemi. The Saints will be fairly easily identified—St. Andrew by his cross, St. Lawrence with his gridiron, etc. (though I confess St. Nepomuc was unknown to me), nor will the sacred scenes on the oval plaques on some of the candlesticks and the bases of some of the figures present any difficulty. I am quite sure of this—that all who see it will hope that it will remain intact and will not be dispersed as so many portions of altar paintings have been dispersed in the past.

BY the 1770's the great days—or rather, the very great days—of the Meissen porcelain factory were over, though it remained lively enough, weathered the Napoleonic wars and, by all accounts, has weathered the last one. But by the mid-18th century, rivals were beginning to grow up; that pirate Frederick the Great occupied it during the Seven Years War (1756-63) and, though he ordered huge quantities of porcelain for himself, he was more concerned with the patronage of the factory at Berlin than with the prosperity of anything in Saxony. The place had a monopoly no longer, the extravagant patronage of the Saxon Court was not much more than a dream of the past, and it must have been a worrying time for those who had devoted their whole lives to the enterprise.

Chief among these was the rock-like figure of Johann Joachim Kaendler, who had joined the firm in 1731 and remained with it until his death in 1775. As is so often the case with the really important persons in industry, we know very little about him as a person; all the publicity previously had been devoted to Augustus the Strong of Saxony and his favourite, who was also a director of the factory, the flashy and absurd Count von Brühl, remembered best by all students of porcelain by the immense Swan Service made for him. It was Kaendler who initiated those figures in strong colours of yellow, red and black in vigorous movement about the year 1740 which have remained the admiration of all modellers since then and the despair of most; and it was he, it is thought, who was mainly responsible for the change in style carried out during that same decade—from those charming pseudo-Chinese landscapes and harbour scenes originally devised by Herold (and frequently illustrated on this page) to the no less charming but wholly European fairyland fantasies based upon the engravings after Teniers and Watteau and Boucher which had been acquired by Count von Brühl's librarian.

We shall never know the inside story, I suppose, but I endeavour to put myself in Kaendler's shoes in the 1760's when he learns, first that the Court painter Dietrich is appointed adviser to the factory, and—in 1764—that a French sculptor, M. V. Acier, has been hired as an independent modeller, not under his direction. However amiable he may have been, however conscious of the fact that he would not live for ever, my guess is that this independent appointment rankled. How one wishes he had kept a diary! The factory accounts were still in the red by 1774, when Count Camillo Marcolini was made Director—but his reign—how liable one is to run on!—is another story. I began with Kaendler and I want to end with him, and with what must have been, if not the last, surely the most important commission undertaken by him during the last three years of his life. If it proves nothing else, it proves his astonishing versatility, for while his chief reputation rests solidly upon the wonderful range of secular figures of his earlier days—those Columbines



ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST WITH HIS EAGLE: ONE OF THE PORCELAIN FIGURES IN THE DUKE OF ELLESMERE'S MEISSEN ALTAR SET, MODELLED BY KAENDLER, TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON NOV. 30. (10 ins. high.)



THE CRUCIFIX, THE CENTREPIECE IN THE SAME ALTAR SET, WHICH COMPRISES TWENTY-SEVEN PIECES OF MEISSEN PORCELAIN: ONE OF THE LAST COMMISSIONS GIVEN TO THE GREAT MODELLER, J. J. KAENDLER. THE SET STOOD IN BRIDGEWATER HOUSE FOR OVER 150 YEARS. (50 ins. high.)

AN ELIZABETHAN COSTUME AND A LANDSCAPE ACQUIRED: AN EXHIBITION AND A SALE.



A RARE LATE ELIZABETHAN COSTUME OF GREAT BEAUTY: AN IMPORTANT RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE LONDON MUSEUM. IT IS WHITE, EMBROIDERED IN BLACK SILK.

When this costume was acquired by the London Museum, Kensington, a few weeks ago, it was generally assumed to be Jacobean. Then it was seen that a tuck had been taken in the upper part of the skirt, pulling the embroidered part up to the jacket. The tuck was of a later date than either jacket or skirt, and when this was removed the costume was shown to be of a type familiar in paintings and engravings of the late-Elizabethan period, but exceedingly rare to-day.



"BLACK AND WHITE GRAPES," BY MR. ELIOT HODGKIN: ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS IN EGG TEMPERA NOW ON VIEW AT THE ARTHUR JEFFRESS GALLERY. (8½ by 13½ ins.) Mr. Eliot Hodgkin is well known for his studies of flowers and various forms of still-life. His current exhibition at 28, Davies Street, W.1, open until November 27, emphasises that it is the breadth of his scope which makes his work such a delight to see.



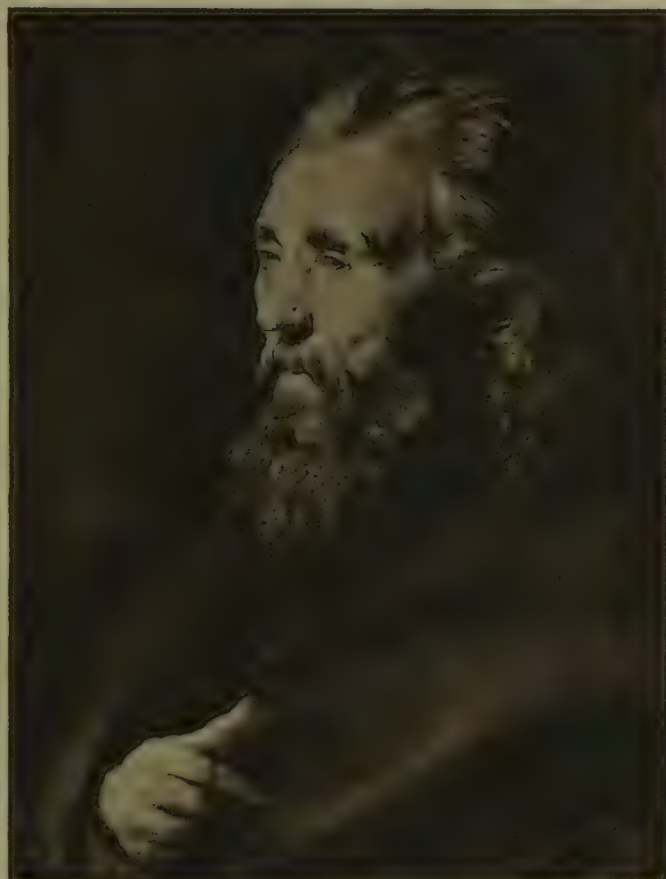
"A GREY ARAB STALLION," BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806): ONE OF A PAIR DUE TO BE OFFERED FOR AUCTION AT SOTHEBY'S ON NOVEMBER 18. (Oil on canvas: 39½ by 49½ ins.)

Sotheby's are holding another distinguished sale of Old Master paintings and drawings on November 18. The Stubbs (above) and the fine Rubens (below) are among the 145 lots due to be sold. Other outstanding works include another Stubbs, quite different in style, called "The Reapers"; portraits by Romney, Raeburn, Gainsborough and Kulmbach; a very fine, intimate still-life by Chardin; two Van Goyen river scenes; a view of San Marco by Canaletto and a wonderfully delicate Guardi. There is also a village feast scene by Pieter Brueghel the Younger, a series of Piazzetta drawings, and a Deposition from the Cross by the 16th-century Spanish artist, Pedro Machuca.



"LANDSCAPE WITH TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL," BY SALVATOR ROSA (1615-1673): ONE OF TWO IMPORTANT 17TH-CENTURY ITALIAN ACQUISITIONS BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON. (Oil on canvas: 58 by 88 ins.)

This splendid romantic landscape by Salvator Rosa illustrates part of the apocryphal story of Tobias and the Angel, and has been acquired by the National Gallery. A second acquisition is a painting by Cavallino (1622-1654), called "The Finding of Moses," until recently thought to be by Rosa. Both works are now on view in Room 32.



"HEAD OF A BEARDED MAN," BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): THE LEADING PICTURE IN THE SALE. (Oil on panel: 27 by 21 ins.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ROUND AND ROUND.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN Leslie Stevens's American comedy, "Marriage-Go-Round," began to whirl at its Piccadilly Theatre premiere, I noticed myself humming, tunelessly and under my breath. (No neighbour complained.) It was probably an irrelevant hum—indeed, the more I think of it, the less relevant it seems. But there it was: the tune, which I am completely unable to reproduce, was Thomas Dunhill's, and the words—about which I am certain—those sung by the Earl in the first act of Sir Alan Herbert's

this is an overstatement, I have seldom known the absence of a narrative better disguised. Once Mr. Clements and Miss Hammond (I have ceased to be academic) are exchanging charged banter, their admirers will not mind very much whether the play develops or runs backward. By now their technique has a shining, flowing ease that conceals its intricacy: it is the most exact figure-skating, and in contemplation of these swoops and glides and flourishes, we are surprised when the dramatist announces that the night is over.

Professor and Dean are still together, but did anyone ever expect them to be parted?

I am ready to be told that the comedy (directed by Robert Helpmann) proves something abstruse, though I doubt that it does. It seems to me to go round for entertainment only. In effect, it says that marriage is a Good Thing. It tells us what we know already that Mr. Clements and Miss Hammond are an enchanting partnership, one with a debonair dismay, the other with a pouting resolution. A colleague deplores that this is a comedy about sex. But it is a cheerful comedy and a far better piece than, say, "The Ginger Man"—a

though I am sure the Adelphi is not the right theatre. These are intimate cabaret artistes who would go much better at, say, the Criterion. Still, they went well with me: I shall not forget their gentle precision, their zest with "Daisy Bell" in English, and the sudden rapt and unexpected singing of the lines Jacques Prévert wrote of Barbara, the girl he saw in the rain after Brest had been bombed. That was an exception, for the brothers (only two of them are genuine brothers and none is called Jacques) are here to entertain. They do so by appearing before us, fiercely-moustached, in fencing jackets of various hues, and singing and miming in unison songs about most things from cats and musical-boxes to ghosts and traffic policemen in Paris. Round and round go the songs, and the longer the brothers are with us the more they endear themselves.

It is quite likely—and I quote from "Tantivy" for the last time this week—that someone may have left "The Rain It Raineth" (Hampstead Theatre Club) observing:

I will not conceal you

Have somewhat shocked me by your choice of milieu.

But, believe me, the dramatist William Ingram has a real and feverish sincerity. True, if a struggling actor's life is really like this, I shall recommend any novice to turn immediately to something safe and uncomplicated: steeplejacking, or a career in Fleet Street. But Mr. Ingram does know how to hold a theatre: I dare say his next play will be (perhaps has been) written more selectively, with less anxious realism. Trader Faulkner now sustains the temperature of an alarmingly heated young man; and I suggest, on the strength of this single part, that Freda Dowie is an actress to remember: she makes an unusual



THE ALLURING SWEDISH GUEST ENTERS AFTER A SPELL OF SUN-BATHING: PAUL DELVILLE (JOHN CLEMENTS), KATRIN SVEG (ANGELA BROWNE) AND CONTENT DELVILLE (KAY HAMMOND) IN A SCENE FROM "THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND," A CHEERFUL COMEDY, WHICH OPENED AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE ON OCTOBER 29.

"Tantivy Towers" while the Countess "inspected Bohemia":

As my poor father used to say,
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art,
Good-bye, Monogamee!

It was the word "monogamy" that did it. John Clements, as a Professor of Cultural Anthropology with a clutch of important initials, had stepped to a lectern, apparently to address us on monogamy; and, in due time, Kay Hammond, as "Dean of Women" at the same American University, and with almost as many degrees, had approached her own side of the stage to lecture to her own audience on—shall I say?—some cognate subject. Nothing Bohemian there; everything, in fact, was immensely academic—though, with a bow to foundations within reach, I doubt if any university can offer a comparable partnership—and all was set, so it seemed, for an evening of illustrated lecturing in the Institute of Advanced Studies (Humanities). I say "it seemed," because though everybody in the house knew very well that the lecture business was a pretext to get the night going, everyone was ready for the author's sake to accept the device gravely. Not, let me add, that gravity endured: it could hardly exist for longer than a few minutes in the presence of Professor Clements, still reminding one of a rather fine Ionic portico about to dance a jig, and Dr. Hammond, ready to address her pupils in the voice of one of the cosier nightingales with a regrettable passion for plums.

Let us reach the present tense. The Professor and the Doctor (or should I speak of her as the Dean?) are always darting forth and back during the evening to comment for us on the action. This means usually that they move straight from the set (their entire home is established conveniently on a merry-go-round) to one or the other of their lecterns. The result must be dizzying for the Piccadilly Theatre electricians; but it persuades an audience to believe that events are occurring in fantastic profusion. If, frankly,

work, I beg of you, not to be confused with Lionel Hale's witty frisk, "Gilt and Gingerbread," which was the last Clements-Hammond play, and which, if it had had its deserts, should still be running. The acting at the Piccadilly bridges a crevasse or two where Mr. Stevens's invention sags. We must thank all concerned, not least Angela Browne as an intense extrovert of a Scandinavian who tries her own form of Swedish drill upon the Professor of Cultural Anthropology. Her opening move is one borrowed, I fancy, from the biographies of Shaw. But most of the plot is an excuse for Mr. Clements and Miss Hammond to keep the not very academic party spinning, and few lecturers do more for our content. ("Content," by the way, is Dean Hammond's name. How apt!)

There are some charming entertainers here.

I'd like to have them in if you'll allow.

That is the Countess singing in "Tantivy Towers" from nearly twenty-nine years ago. I grab at it now to introduce Les Frères Jacques. We have had them at the Adelphi, and applauded them,



CINDERELLA TAKES OFF HER MASK: A SCENE FROM ACT ONE OF THE SADLER'S WELLS OPERA PRODUCTION OF ROSSINI'S "LA CENERENTOLA" WITH (L. TO R.) THISBE (ANNA POLLAK), CLORINDA (NANCY CREIGHTON), DON MAGNIFICO (HOWELL GLYNNE), ALIDORO (STANLEY CLARKSON), CINDERELLA (PATRICIA KERN), DANDINI (DENIS DOWLING) AND DON RAMIRO (ALEXANDER YOUNG).

impression of staunchness. James Roose Evans has directed with fitting vigour.

I can add only a postscript on the revival of "Abraham Lincoln" at the Belgrade, Coventry. It is a play that I was very glad to meet again; John Drinkwater was a noble figure of our stage, who will be honoured (and I hope will go round and round the theatres of Britain) when to-day's noises are stilled. The Lincoln, in Bryan Bailey's production, is Robert Marsden, a splendidly-judged and spoken portrait of the man who was lord of his event. Others in the cast are apt to fade beside him; but Mr. Bailey's production, amply designed, has nearly all the right ideas: "nearly," because I missed the two Chroniclers. The present compromise is uneasy, I think, though the use of the Chroniclers in the modern theatre must be a debating point.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA" and "LAST DAY IN DREAMLAND" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Two plays by Willis Hall, with Paul Daneman and Jill Bennett. (November 10.)

"POOR MAN'S MIRACLE" (Birmingham Repertory).—A play by J. Marjan Hemar, a former director of the National Theatre, Warsaw. (November 10.)



THE "PUT-AWAY" SECTION OF THE GENERAL REGISTRY CONTAINING 130 YEARS OF CRIME: THESE RECORDS WERE BEGUN IN 1829 AND THERE ARE OVER 2 MILLION FILES.

SCOTLAND YARD AT WORK: SCENES OF THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME.



WHERE 999 CALLS ARE ANSWERED: A CALL BEING RECEIVED IN THE INFORMATION ROOM, WHICH WAS INSTALLED IN 1957.



A CONFERENCE ON FINGERPRINTS ON A FIREARM: CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT J. LIVINGS, M.B.E., CHIEF OF THE FINGERPRINT DEPARTMENT (SEATED) WITH A COLLEAGUE.

These pictures show something of the way in which Scotland Yard does its work in its daily fight against crime. New Scotland Yard is situated on the Embankment near Westminster Bridge. Its present buildings were finished in 1891 and are by Norman Shaw; they are suitably constructed of granite



A SCENE IN THE FORENSIC LABORATORY: A SCIENTIST EXAMINING SAFE BALLAST IN A SAFE-BREAKING CASE. SCIENCE PLAYS A VERY IMPORTANT PART IN CRIME DETECTION.

quarried by Dartmoor prisoners. As the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, Scotland Yard is famous throughout the world. Within its walls every method of dealing with the criminal is to be found, from the vast records and laboratories to the long experience of the detectives and officers.

FROM FINGER-PRINTS TO A SUSPECT SHOE: THE POLICE AT THEIR INVESTIGATIONS.



A BOTTLE PHOTOGRAPHED FOR FINGER-PRINTS, GIVING UP THE SECRETS OF THE CRIME IT WITNESSED: 1,350,000 SETS OF FINGER-PRINTS ARE KEPT FILED FOR REFERENCE.

EVEN an object so innocent as a tea-cup may help to bring a murderer to heel when it has all Scotland Yard's experience and knowledge directed upon it. The records of crimes investigated go back to 1829 and well over a million sets of finger-prints are kept. The Information Room, where 999 calls are received, controls the patrol cars which it provides with directions and information. There is even a museum of famous exhibits which contains mementoes of such cases as the Crippen case. A vast amount of human knowledge of the criminal and his ways is contained within its walls and it is continually being used.

(Right.) A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INFORMATION ROOM. INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION ARE RADIO-ED TO PATROL CARS BY THE BROADCASTERS SEATED IN THE FOREGROUND.



A TEA-CUP, WHICH MAY HELP TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF A MURDER CASE, BEING SUBJECTED TO ULTRA VIOLET RAYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT.



FIRE-ARMS BEING TESTED IN THE BALLISTICS DEPARTMENT OF THE LABORATORY. THE LABORATORIES ARE EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE LATEST DEVICES.



THE SHOE OF A SUSPECT IN A CASE OF HOUSE-BREAKING BEING SUBJECTED TO AN EXPERT SCRUTINY BY ONE OF THE SCOTLAND YARD SCIENTISTS.



CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS IN THE GREATER LONDON AREA BEING FLAGGED ON MAPS WHOSE SIZE GIVES AN IDEA OF THE IMMENSITY OF THE POLICE'S TASK: ONE OF SCOTLAND YARD'S METHODS OF CONTROLLING THEIR MANY DUTIES.

These great maps, together with the number of crimes and accidents pinned on them, convey the immense responsibilities of the police in dealing with the 8½ million people of the Greater London area. However, their duties do not end there, since they are called upon by the rest of the country in most major cases. They are also naturally closely connected with Interpol, the

international police organisation. Their business does not end with crime but has to cover traffic control, State occasions, ceremonial processions and security for visiting V.I.P.s. Their experts in various fields may be called upon for advice in other parts part of the world, especially in the Commonwealth. Here their methods of keeping track of the area in their command are shown.

PRINCE PHILIP; UNIFORMS; HELICOPTERS; AND A WREN CHURCH'S NEIGHBOUR.



ISOLATED BY ENEMY ACTION IN JULY 1944: THE FORMER OFFICES OF THE HUDDERSFIELD BUILDING SOCIETY, BY ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, IN THE STRAND. NEW OFFICES HAVE BEEN ERECTED IN THE BLOCK.



BUILT IN 16TH-CENTURY CLASSICAL ITALIAN STYLE: THE NEW OFFICES OF THE HUDDERSFIELD BUILDING SOCIETY, DESIGNED TO HARMONISE WITH WREN'S FAMOUS CHURCH OPPOSITE IT. Facing one of London's loveliest Wren churches, St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, is the impressive new building shown above, designed specifically to harmonise with it. It is occupied by the Huddersfield Building Society. The architect was Mr. W. Braxton Sinclair.



INSIDE ONE OF THE NEW ROYAL HELICOPTERS: TWO FULLY-RECLINING LUXURY SEATS WITH A CABINET AND A MIRROR BETWEEN THEM. TWO WESTLAND WHIRLWINDS HAVE JOINED THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT—THE FIRST TO BE SPECIALLY ORDERED.



WITH THE INSIGNIA OF THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT VISIBLE ON THE NEAREST AIRCRAFT: THE TWO WHIRLWIND HELICOPTERS SEEN IN FLIGHT AT YEOVIL, WHERE THEY WERE HANDLED OVER BY THE MANUFACTURERS.

For the first time ever the Queen's Flight is now equipped with specially-ordered helicopters—two Westland Whirlwinds. They were handed over to the Commanding Officer of the Flight on November 5. It is understood that the Queen will not use either of them herself.



THE RESULT OF A DESIGN ORIGINALLY SUBMITTED BY STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART: A NEW UNIFORM IN BLUE CHECK MATERIAL, TO BE WORN BY ALL B.E.A. WOMEN STAFF NEXT YEAR.



AFTER OPENING MERLIN, THE NEW NUCLEAR REACTOR FOR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AT THE FUNDAMENTAL RESEARCH LABORATORY OF ASSOCIATED ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES, ALDERMASTON: PRINCE PHILIP, IN PROTECTIVE CLOTHING.



WEARING THE NEW MESS DRESS FOR AIR FORCE MEDICAL OFFICERS: WING COMMANDER MEARNS JONES, OF THE R.A.F. MEDICAL BRANCH, AND WING OFFICER WAINWRIGHT, OF PRINCESS MARY'S R.A.F. NURSING SERVICE.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A PROMINENT POLITICIAN: THE LATE DAME LUCILE SAYERS. Dame Lucile Sayers, who died on November 4, aged seventy-three, was the first woman president of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations. A great worker for social reform, she was in 1955, 1956 and 1957 U.K. Delegate to the Status of Women Commission of the United Nations.



RETIREMENT OF A LABOUR ADVISER: SIR G. MYRDDIN-EVANS. Sir Guildhaume Myrddin-Evans, chief international labour adviser to the Government, and Deputy Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, is to retire on Dec. 17. He has been closely associated with the work of the International Labour Organisation and since 1945 was chief U.K. delegate to its Governing Body.



DEATH OF THE RULER OF LAOS: KING SISAVANG VONG. King Sisavang Vong, who died at his palace in Luang Prabang on October 29, aged seventy-four, had been suffering for some time from a serious illness which in past years had prevented him from carrying out many of his official duties. He was a much-loved monarch and had reigned fifty-five years.



THE NEW RULER OF LAOS: CROWN PRINCE SAVANG VETHANA. Crown Prince Savang Vethana, the eldest son of the late King Sisavang Vong, had been performing most of his father's official functions for some time, and in September was named Regent of the Kingdom. The new King is well known to his people and popular with the country's leading politicians.



THE "GENTLE GIANT": THE LATE MR. VICTOR McLAGLEN. The late Mr. Victor McLaglen, the film actor, died in Hollywood on November 7 at the age of seventy-two. He made his first screen appearance just for fun in 1920 and remained until his last film, last year, "Sea Fury." He was noted for his portrayals of tough and rugged characters in many films.



(Left) THE NEW U.S. UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR POLITICAL AFFAIRS: MR. L. MERCHANT. Mr. Livingston Merchant, who has been nominated by President Eisenhower as Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs in succession to Mr. Murphy, who is resigning, was Ambassador to Canada from 1956 to 1958. He was Assistant Secretary for European Affairs from 1953-56. He will take up his appointment in December.



EXECUTING A PAINTING TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENARY DINNER OF THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AT GREENWICH: LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. FLINT. Lieut.-Commander Francis Flint, R.N.R., seen painting the impressive scene at the centenary dinner of the Royal Naval Reserve in the beautiful Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is son of the famous painter, Sir William Russell Flint. The dinner, held on November 3, was attended by the Dukes of Edinburgh and Gloucester.

(Right) DEATH OF THE ARCHPRIEST OF ST. PETER'S. CARDINAL FEDERICO TEDESCHINI. His Eminence Cardinal Federico Tedeschini, Cardinal Bishop of Frascati and Archpriest of St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, who died on Nov. 2 aged 86, spent most of his sacerdotal life in the Holy See's diplomatic service. In 1958 he celebrated his silver jubilee as cardinal. By his death, membership of the Sacred College falls to seventy-one.



(Left) A BRITISH M.P. AWARDED THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR 1959: MR. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER. Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, the Labour M.P. for Derby South, who is seventy, has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1959. He held several ministerial posts in the post-war Labour Governments. He will go to Oslo to receive the prize on December 10. He has announced that he will give the prize, £15,300, to the cause of disarmament.

(Right) RESIGNING AS U.S. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR POLITICAL AFFAIRS: MR. R. D. MURPHY. Mr. Robert D. Murphy, described by President Eisenhower as "our No. 1 trouble shooter," recently announced his resignation as United States Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs. Mr. Murphy, who intends to enter private business, entered the Foreign Service in 1920 and has held many important posts.



A FAMOUS JOURNALIST INSPECTING HIS 80th BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM FRIENDS—A BUST OF HIMSELF: MR. HANNEN SWAFFER. Mr. Hannen Swaffer, the famous journalist, was presented with a bronze bust of himself by Mr. Laurence Bradshaw, at a dinner celebrating his eightieth birthday on November 5. With Mr. Swaffer is the chairman of Odhams Ltd., Mr. A. C. Duncan, who presided at the dinner which was given by 200 of his friends.



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR: MR. J. SURTEES. Mr. John Surtees, British motor-cycle champion, voted Sportsman of the Year by the Sports Writers' Association, became this year the first man to win the world 350-c.c. and 500-c.c. titles for the second year running.



A GREAT PILOT: THE LATE MR. J. A. MOLLISON. Mr. J. A. Mollison, who died on October 30 at the age of fifty-four, will be remembered for his record-breaking series of long-distance flights between 1931 and 1936. He was the first man to fly solo both ways across the North Atlantic.



"OPERATION NOAH": MR. T. EDELMAN. Mr. Taed Edelman, who led the Northern Rhodesian rescue party for saving animals in the Kariba Dam floods, was in London for the launching of the book "Operation Noah" by Charles Lagus, which describes his work.



A REMARKABLE OPERATION: MR. BILLY SMITH. Mr. Billy Smith, of Hayward, California, who is twenty-five, has had his severed leg grafted back on to the stump in a remarkable series of operations. The leg was crushed in an accident and only 2 ins. of skin held it together.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

By ALAN DENT

the absolute certainty that the great public (by which I mean not the responsible reader and, even more certainly, not myself, but *the great*

with the whole business of acting—this will remain, for some of us, the film's one enjoyable moment.

CAN cinema-spectacle go any further? For very special things we are now confronted with huge and concave screens which go halfway round us, from one ear to the other. Our two eyes simply cannot take it all in. Our sense of touch is almost, but not quite, called into play. Our sense of smell is—so 'tis said—to be titillated very soon, so that by means of some subtle sort of spray we shall catch the odours of the harem or of the battlefield, as the case may be. Can nonsense go further? It remains to be seen.

One would have said that the whole business had been reduced to ultimate absurdity by the American "Solomon and Sheba"—until one saw the Russian "Ilya Muromets" (rather haplessly translated as "The Beast"). For the record let it be said that the mighty "Solomon and Sheba" has been presented by Edward Small, directed by King Vidor, manufactured in something called Super Technirama-70; and based upon the Old Testament; and that the colossal "Beast" is based upon Russian folk-ballads, manufactured in something called Sovcolour, directed by Alexander Ptushko, and generally described as "the first-ever Russian wide-screen spectacular." Let it be said, too—just in passing—that "The Beast" wins hands down for reasons which will doubtless occupy the rest of my page.

Both are overdone to the very verge of absurdity. But "Solomon and Sheba" goes right over the verge, whereas "The Beast" stays just this side of it. The one ruins itself by being solemn and responsible and self-conscious about its Biblical foundations. The other redeems itself by being fantastical and irresponsible and based on nothing more serious than fairy-tale legends. The excesses of the Russian film are in consequence excusable, even though they be even greater than the excesses of the American film, which are not!

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



BORIS ANDREYEV, WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE BEAST."

"In a week which gives us both Gina Lollobrigida and Yul Brynner (impersonating the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon), it may seem invidious to award the acting palm to an unfamiliar Russian player, Boris Andreyev, who plays the name-part in 'Ilya Muromets' (or 'The Beast'), a fantastic Russian spectacle, quite wonderfully directed by A. Ptushko. But M. Andreyev is obviously giving a considerable performance, whereas those others are only giving pleasing and familiar self-presentations. The Russian film began its London run at La Continentale on October 29."

Less enjoyable in all ways are the moments when the voice of Jehovah is heard apparently from the back of the theatre or even from the Charing Cross Road outside. When this happens—and it happens more than once—you literally don't know where to look. This irreverence—though it is, of course, unintentional—seems to me to be asking for the same kind of thunderbolt which Jehovah hurled from Heaven at the height of the party which Gina, Queen of Sheba, threw when Yul Solomon consented at long last to visit her in her encampment. For the rest this film requires no further recommendation from the likes of me. The cast (like the cost) is countless, and half-a-dozen valuable English actors who stand around looking holy or portentous, or both, will not resent the fact that one does not choose to set down their distinguished names on this occasion. It remains only to say that the actual battle-scenes (made in Spain with half the Spanish Army) are tremendous.

But they are not really more tremendous than the battle-scenes in "The Beast" which have been made with a few hundred supers and a lot of imagination. The real truth about the superiority of the Russian film is that a great deal of art has gone to its making (whereas nothing has gone to the manufacture of that other one except a shocking amount of capital outlay). Its story is that of a kind of Russian peasant-Hercules (Boris Andreyev) who saved the city of Kiev from the marauding army of the Tugars, an unholy rabble led by the particularly unholy Tsar Kalin. Ilya Muromets or Hercules is parted from his wife and babe. But long afterwards, when engaged in



"THE FIRST-EVER RUSSIAN WIDE-SCREEN SPECTACULAR": THE SCENE FROM "THE BEAST," A FANTASTICAL FILM BASED ON FOLK BALLADS, WHERE THE HERO, ILYA MUROMETS (BORIS ANDREYEV), HAVING SUBDUED THE UNCLEAN IDOL—A HIRSUITE MONSTER WHICH HAS BEEN CRUELY EXACTING TRIBUTE FROM THE CITY OF KIEV—IS THANKED FOR HIS GREAT EXPLOIT BY PRINCE VLADIMIR (ANDREI ABRIKOSOV).

The Russian excesses are acceptable because they seem to be—in part at least—deliberate.

In "Solomon and Sheba" you get a great deal of sex mixed up with a great deal of religion (and the admixture of even small quantities of either commodity is always an embarrassment for anybody with either thoughts or feelings on the subject). In "The Beast" you find hardly any sex and no religion at all—just a lot of pagan devilry and a few home-ties. For these—and lots more reasons to follow—you come away from the first film quite exhausted and from the second quite amused.

But all this is said—and all these reasons are marshalled together—against

public!) is going to flock towards "Solomon and Sheba" just as certainly as it is *not* going to flock towards "The Beast." The reasons for the public triumph of "Solomon and Sheba" are so numerous that they cannot all be given here. There is—to go no further—Gina Lollobrigida as the Queen of Sheba and Yul Brynner as Solomon. The torrid young lady first appears in an ermine-covered chariot, impatiently whipping her foaming steeds and still more impatiently whipping George Sanders's Adonijah (Solomon's brother), who just won't get out of her chariot's way. Though one has nothing against Mr. Sanders—except a strong feeling that he really should not appear so excessively bored

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A SCENE FROM THE UNITED ARTISTS' LAVISH, SUPER-TECHNIRAMA-70 PRODUCTION, "SOLOMON AND SHEBA," DIRECTED BY KING VIDOR: SOLOMON (YUL BRYNNER) VISITS SHEBA (GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA) IN HER ENCAMPMENT, AFTER MUCH VACILLATION.

mortal combat with a young warrior, he recognises him to be his own son by a ring upon his finger.

There is a certain amount of redemptive humour in this film—probably far more for Russian audiences than for us. There is vivid fancy in its creation of monsters—which include a flying fire-breathing Dragon, and a quite fantastic Whistling Robber, and a kind of Russian Caliban, who can do far more damage with his huffing and puffing than Jehovah's thunderbolt achieved at that party where Solomon turned Sheban. And one way and another "Ilya Muromets" is a genuinely enjoyable affair especially when it appears to be smiling at its own enormity. It must give particular pleasure to children who, anyhow, won't be able to get near to "Solomon and Sheba" because of endless queues of patient adults.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" (United Artists; Generally Released; November 2).—Laurence Olivier steals most of the honours in this lively film of Bernard Shaw's ingenious melodrama which also contains Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster.

"THE MUMMY" (Rank; Generally Released; November 2).—The latest and terriblest thing in horror-films—strongly recommended to non-adult adults.

"THE NAKED MAJJA" (M.-G.-M.; Generally Released; November 2).—Ava Gardner and Anthony Franciosa in a Goya story which is colourful, but not very Spanish and quite a long way after Goya.



UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 14. A MONOLITHIC CHURCH INDEED: EMMANUEL, HEWN FROM A SINGLE BLOCK OF STONE.

This photograph was taken by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O., during an extended tour of Northern Ethiopia early this year. It shows Emmanuel, one of the rock-hewn churches of Lalibela. These extraordinary churches were made in the 13th century in the following way. A wide, deep trench was cut down into the soft rock in such a way as to leave an immense, free-standing, four-sided mass of rock. This mass was then carved into the

form of a church, with façades and domes and roof and the interior hollowed out into nave, chapels, altars, and the like. These churches, moreover, were copies of earlier churches built of wood, stone and plaster; and the architectural elements which were necessary in the originals are slavishly and quite unnecessarily repeated in the monolithic copies. The originals no longer survive, having been destroyed by Muhammad Gran (c. 1540).

KARIBA LAKE: SCENES OF PLIGHT AND RESCUE.



A FRIENDLY PECK FROM A SADDLEBILL STORK CHICK: CHAZI, THE RANGERS' PET DOG, KEEPS WATCH OVER ONE OF THE RESCUED BIRDS.



LIKE HAULING A PIPELINE FROM THE SEA: A BLACK MAMBA IS SKILFULLY CAUGHT IN A NOOSE BY A BRAVE MEMBER OF THE TEAM.



WADING ASHORE WITH A CAPTIVE HARE RESCUED FROM THE WATER: ONE OF THE AFRICAN GAME SCOUTS TAKING PART IN "OPERATION NOAH" AT KARIBA LAKE.

ON ALL THAT REMAINED OF A SMALL ISLAND IN LAKE KARIBA: AN AFRICAN MEMBER OF THE RESCUE TEAM CAPTURING A DUKER DOE.



CAPTURED FROM THE LAST FEW INCHES OF A RAPIDLY SUBMERGING TREE: A "BUSH BABY" HELD BY ITS RESCUER, TOMMY ORFORD.



A SCENE WHICH GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE VERY REAL DANGERS FACING THE RESCUERS AT KARIBA: A WRITHING PYTHON IS HAULED ON BOARD.



HOPEFULLY GRIPPING THE TOPMOST TWIG: ANOTHER "BUSH BABY," SO NEARLY A VICTIM OF THE RISING KARIBA LAKE.



TYPICAL OF MANY SAD SCENES AFTER THE ZAMBESI BURST ITS BANKS AND TURNED FOREST INTO LAKE: A MONKEY CLINGING TO THE LAST BRANCHES OF A DROWNING TREE A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE RESCUE.

THESE photographs tell some of the story of "Operation Noah": a remarkable and heroic rescue operation in the heart of Africa. The cause of it was the giant Kariba Dam, constructed across the Zambesi River. This dam, built to provide hydro-electric power for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, caused the flooding of vast expanses of low-lying forest which had hitherto been the dwelling of native tribes and innumerable wild game. Men could be persuaded to move, and were: but animals mostly had to flee as best they could as the rising flood-water first created islands out of the forest, and then submerged them. "Operation Noah" is man's brave effort to help them.

Photographs from "Animal Dunkirk," reproduced by courtesy of Herbert Jenkins Ltd.

KARIBA: THE DANGEROUS FIGHT TO SAVE WILD LIFE FROM THE RISING WATERS.



ANTS! THOUSANDS OF THE DOOMED CREATURES CLINGING IN A CRAWLING MASS TO A SMALL BRANCH A FEW HOURS BEFORE DROWNING: A CHILLING SIGHT.



HEADS BOWED AND EYES COVERED IN SELF-PROTECTION AS THE RESCUE BOAT PASSES PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO A SPITTING COBRA LODGED IN A TREE ABOVE.



BEDRAGGLED AND FRIGHTENED: A HYRAX OR "ROCK RABBIT" IS HELD ABOVE THE FLOOD-WATER BY ITS RESCUER, RUPERT FOTHERGILL, SENIOR GAME RANGER.



FRANTICALLY MAKING FOR THE RESCUE BOAT: A CHAMELEON, WHOSE LAST PERCH HAD FINALLY BEEN SUBMERGED BY THE SWELLING WATERS OF LAKE KARIBA.



A RARE PHOTOGRAPH: A HONEY BADGER SWIMMING TOWARDS THE MAINLAND. MANY ANIMALS INEVITABLY BECAME EXHAUSTED BY THE LONG SWIM, AND DROWNED.



FLUSHED FROM HIS HOLE ON ONE OF THE DOOMED ISLANDS AND FINALLY TRAPPED IN A NET: AN ANT-BEAR IS SECURED AND CARRIED TO SAFETY.

There were numerous difficulties that the animal rescuers had to face in "Operation Noah." The first was money, and how to obtain it. One of the chief early contributors was the Fauna Preservation Society who appealed for £10,000 to equip and operate rescue units. Then, even with money behind them, the Game Rangers and their assistants found the task of saving the animals trapped on the ever-forming and ever-submerging islands a Herculean one. Distances to be covered by boat were huge, animals frequently panicked

when approached, others swam to neighbouring islands, only to be drowned there, while yet others—snakes, wart-hogs, porcupines—frequently threatened to reward their rescuers with death. Most animals made life as complicated as possible for the rescuers, who were often compelled to swim long distances in pursuit and then to dive at their legs in an under-water Rugby tackle. Over the whole scene there hung, like an evil cloud, swarms of mosquitoes and other hungry insects. Dr. Burton discusses the venture on the following page.

Photographs from "Animal Dunkirk," reproduced by courtesy of Herbert Jenkins Ltd.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE building of a dam across the Zambesi at Kariba, in Rhodesia, must have been an engineering feat of some magnitude. The economic results will doubtless be great and far-reaching. Yet both of these have lost the limelight to something of subsidiary—some people might say, of minor—importance: the effect on the wild life when an artificial lake is created. There have been other dams built, and other artificial lakes created, and the effect on the wild life in those instances has received little or no public attention. But Kariba is in Africa; and the Big Game of Africa is still



A BABY BABOON SAVED FROM THE KARIBA LAKE FEEDS AN ORPHAN MONKEY WITH A TITBIT OF BREAD: ONE OF SEVERAL TOUCHING SCENES OF THIS KIND NOTICED BY THE AUTHORS.

counted as one of the wonders of the world, even if it has been sadly cut into during the last century.

There is, in fact, little need to introduce the subject of the Kariba Dam and "Operation Noah." It has had news-value for some time now. Its story has been written up in the Press. We have had sound radio and television programmes of it. There have been numerous photographs published of it. For all that, its more complete and coherent story now published in book form holds us with undiminished interest. Under the title "Animal Dunkirk" (Herbert Jenkins; 21s.), by Eric Robins and Ronald Legge, the book recounts what is described as "the Story of Lake Kariba and Operation Noah, the greatest animal rescue since the Ark." It tells how the operation began, with a few volunteers relying on little more than hope, courage and a sympathy for the wild beasts being slowly submerged in the rising waters of the lake. It brings to life, in a way that no television programme, however good, can do, the chief actors in the drama, for the effect of reading is more lasting if less spectacular than the visual presentation.

So far as one can judge, "Operation Noah" has not lacked popular support. It has certainly received a widespread sympathy. Nevertheless, there are those who express doubts as to the wisdom of the operation, even among the well-informed, and it is not without interest to examine their arguments. Mainly, two arguments are put forward: first, that it is senseless to go to so much trouble to rescue animals at such labour and so much risk while these or similar animals are being slaughtered elsewhere for a variety of reasons, none of them particularly commendable; secondly, that the rescued animals are being released into territory with which they are unfamiliar and which is already occupied by members of the same species, and that therefore they have little hope of survival. The operation has also been described as "hypocritical," because "rescued game was being set free close to an area where hunters were slaughtering game in an anti-tsetse campaign."

To those engaged in the rescue, and to the many volunteers and sympathisers barred from taking a more active part, the situation is seen in

ANIMAL DUNKIRK.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

much simpler form: there are lives to be saved, let us save them. And it is not as if the task of rescue were mere fun. On the contrary, the rescue teams have to face many hazards. They have been exposed to intense heat and drenching rains. The days are long and arduous, with fatigue as the main reward. Snakes and crocodiles are a constant menace. Mosquitoes disturb their rest at night. In every way the going is hard. Even the animals being rescued are an ever-present danger:

Great care had to be taken to maintain a firm hold of the squirming animal, which invariably tried frantically to kick his rescuers. Bushbuck have tremendously powerful hind legs and their cloven hooves are razor-sharp. Even a diminutive grysbok has inflicted deep wounds on members of the team who allowed their attention momentarily to relax. It was a moment of triumph when Rupert Fothergill caught the first ant-bear by swimming after it. The battle in the water was a life-and-death struggle in which the ranger had only his native wits and swimming prowess to rely upon against an adversary with a ferocious bite and claws that could rip a man's stomach open. Fothergill managed to cast a noose over the ant-bear's head and draw the rope tight. Immediately the beast—a huge, 200-lb. male—turned on its back and tried to claw him. But the ranger evaded the attack by swimming out of harm's way, keeping a grip on his end of the lariat. Gradually he managed to tow the struggling ant-bear into the shallows, where a team of Africans were waiting to pounce on the creature, seize a leg each, and tie it up to render it harmless.

It is easy enough to criticise from a distance, and to take an objective view (which often is another term for being hard-hearted), but those on the spot must be influenced by such episodes as the following:



AN AERIAL VIEW OF KARIBA DAM AND THE GROWING KARIBA LAKE, SHOWING THE DOZENS OF STRAGGLING ISLANDS IN THE PROCESS OF BEING SUBMERGED: THE SCENE OF THE RESCUE WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE BOOK "ANIMAL DUNKIRK."

These illustrations from the book "Animal Dunkirk" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Herbert Jenkins Ltd.

"Look, there's a doe giving her calf a pick-a-back ride!"

The rangers stared across the lake in mingled surprise and admiration. They had flushed a herd of water-buck from an island in the Sanyati basin. The animals had taken to the water and were swimming strongly for the Southern Rhodesian bank. But the mile-and-a-half stretch of water was too great for a young calf, and it was resting on its mother's back, using her as a lifebuoy.

Soon afterwards a doe got into difficulties, but a ram noticed her plight and gave her a lift for a hundred yards or so. Every now and then he turned back to see how she and her offspring were progressing, and when their strength failed he gave them support until they had recovered sufficiently to be able to swim for a spell.

Even if one chooses to ignore such incidents—and several are given by these two authors—to take the objective view, there is still a tremendous value in the operation, a moral value. The African Big Game—one of the wonders of the world—has been seriously depleted not merely because the African continent is being opened up to human settlement, which is inevitable, but for more

irresponsible reasons. The age of killing Big Game for sport, or to collect trophies, is coming to an end, but the damage it has done is irreparable. It has, moreover, not entirely died out. However, the greater menace to-day, in the succeeding age of game reserves and conservation, is poaching by the Africans, either for meat or to supply trophies for whites who are prepared to pay for them. The only hope of stopping or reducing this—if there is any hope at all—is through an enlightened public opinion. This alone can result in a greater expenditure of public funds, to increase the staffs available to the game wardens, and to exert that impalpable pressure on all sections of society which may enforce game laws already on the Statute books. The moral effect of "Operation Noah" could, in fact, symbolise our changing attitude to wild life, and may by mere force of example cause the needed swing towards a more urgent sense of responsibility where the wild life of the world is concerned.

Moral aspects apart, there is still another good justification for the effort being put into "Operation Noah," or "Animal Dunkirk." The game rangers and their African helpers were by no means inexperienced in the ways and behaviour of animals before they started. Yet it is clear from the text of "Animal Dunkirk" that they are learning a great deal more and in a short time. What they are learning is being scientifically recorded, but samples of it are given in this book. There is, for example, the story of the night ape rescued, fed and put away in a bed in a cardboard box for the night. "But another night ape climbed down a tree while the rescue team slept, opened the box and set the prisoner free." This in itself may be a trivial affair, but many observations, each in itself of little importance, can add up to an important total. What is being seen here by the rescue parties is not animals behaving

under normal circumstances but under the driving force of a catastrophe, and this, as with human beings in a similar situation, could reveal unsuspected qualities and traits. One thing alone, the rescue personnel are learning how well, and for how long, the different kinds of animals can swim. It has been generally believed, and has been authoritatively stated in print, that monkeys generally are unable to swim. The workers on the Kariba lake are learning otherwise.

In an operation like this, however, it is not so much how many animals are saved from the flood, or whether these all survive in their new quarters, or whether scientific knowledge is enriched. These things are important. But surely the most important thing of all is that the work is being undertaken, and support given to the work, from altruistic motives. "Operation Noah" represents a refusal to stand idly by and do nothing to alleviate misery, even if it is in a venomous snake, by rescuing where that is possible, or by a swift mercy killing where it is not. All snakes, by the way, are sent to a snake park, out of harm's way.

ANNOUNCING OUR 1959
CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

NOVEMBER 14, 1959—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—667

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CONTENTS OF OUR FINE
CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1959.

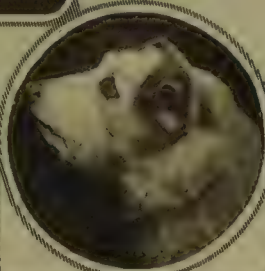
This sumptuous number contains 41 MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS IN FULL COLOUR AND TWO FAIRY STORIES IN BLACK AND GOLD CUT-OUTS BY LOTTE REINIGER. Reading matter consists of a memoir of "Jimmy, the Dog in my Life," by Sir Arthur Bryant, an account of "true" English ghost stories, and an amusing history of children's costume throughout the ages by James Laver, illustrated by E. H. Shepard. The short story, "Home for Christmas," is by Marie Muir.



"THE DOG IN MY LIFE." SIR ARTHUR BRYANT WITH JIMMY, WHOSE LIFE-STORY HE TELLS IN A FULL SYMPATHETIC MEMOIR OF A LONG COMPANIONSHIP.

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(Below.) "FROM NUDITY TO PANTALINETTES": TWO OF E. H. SHEPARD'S CHARMING ILLUSTRATIONS TO A LIGHT HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF CHILDREN'S COSTUME BY JAMES LAVER.



"THUMBELINA CURTSIES TO THE TIRESOME OLD MOLE." IN LOTTE REINIGER'S CUT-OUTS, HANS ANDERSEN'S STORY RECEIVES A BEAUTIFUL RETELLING.



"PUSS-IN-BOOTS PRESENTING A RABBIT FROM HIS MASTER TO THE KING." ANOTHER WELL-LOVED STORY WHICH IS TOLD BY LOTTE REINIGER IN THE MEDIUM FOR WHICH SHE IS FAMOUS.



"THE MACDONALD CHILDREN," BY RAE BURN. ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES IN FULL COLOUR OF CHILDREN AND THEIR FASHIONS.



A CHARMING EARLY 18TH-CENTURY PORTRAIT OF Mlle. DE BETHISY AND HER BROTHER BY BELLE, ANOTHER OF THE PICTURES IN COLOUR TO BE PUBLISHED ON NOV. 12.



"A CHILD PLUCKING A ROSE," BY NETSCHER, A PUPIL OF TERBORCH: A CHILD STUDY, HAUNTING IN ITS EVOCATION OF SHYNESS AND DELICACY.

THOSE Germans again! Heartily as I am able to sympathise, both by general experience and by personal knowledge, with those who are shaking their heads over the resurgence of Germany, I find that I can only deal with one peril at a time. Even so, my reaction is inadequate, for in addition to the Red Peril from the Soviets we now have the Yellow Peril all over again—or must it be described as another shade of Red? It is enough to drive one politically colour-blind—looming from China. Two books this week have forced me to bring the Germans back into my reluctant calculations. *THE OWL OF MINERVA*, an autobiography by Gustav Regler, is really more about Communism than about Germans. But Mr. Regler is a German by birth. His story is one of progressive disillusion with violence, from the years of the 1914-18 War to the defence of Berlin against the Spartacists; from exile in Paris to Stalin's great purge in Moscow; from the International Brigade in Spain to the death of Mr. Regler's enchanting wife, Marie Louise, in Mexico. "I think," he writes on his last page, "of the scene with which my childhood began—a man in uniform dragging a grown-up, the tailor of Merzig, by the ears up the steps of the *Rathaus*. To what tribunal, and before what masters, I have never discovered. But even if I had discovered it, would I know who has the right to judge?"

Not a very typically German conclusion, you will say. No, but Mr. Regler's first sentence reads: "In the beginning was fear, and fear was in me and I was a part of it." That has something in common with an anonymous novel of post-war West Germany, entitled *THE FEAR MAKERS*. I disapprove of propaganda novels, even when I know the propaganda to be based on truth. But here, I believe, we have a paradox: one such novel which stands on its own merits, but fails as propaganda. I have little doubt that the anonymous author is right when he tells us that there are still many ex-Nazis in prominent positions in West Germany, and that some of these are pursuing private vendettas against those who worked in the underground for the Allies, and betrayed some of their beastlier chums to punishment. How could it be otherwise? During Hitler's régime, every public office, major or minor, could only have been filled by someone who had at least nominally subscribed to Nazism. The more heinous of these have been winkled out, but many must inevitably survive. The author surely gives his case away when he indicts one of his own characters—a fat old warden in a provincial prison, who wants to fell his prisoners with rifle-butts at one moment, and brings his grandchild to pipe "goodnight" to them the next—for having continued in office during every régime since the Empire of Kaiser Wilhelm II. That is going altogether too far—and so, I suspect, is the whole book. Yet I recognise all his German types, and assure him that the cloud has not lifted from my brow.

Let us now hark back to the Boer War. Its history is told at enormous length in *GOODBYE DOLLY GRAY*, by Rayne Kruger, a relative of the famous President of the Transvaal, and I feared that I was going to be profoundly bored. Not at all. This book makes first-class reading, and I would advise no one to miss it—though some may want to skip some of the very full descriptions of military engagements. Mr. Kruger has some strong and definite opinions which he states with force. In particular, he writes with much contempt of Lord Roberts. But few will quarrel with his conclusion: "The Boers said the war was for liberty. The British said it was for equality. The majority of the inhabitants, who were not white at all, gained neither liberty nor equality."

There must be many readers of *The Illustrated London News* who have acquired a general interest in archaeology, and are not quite certain how to pursue it. These could not do better than get Stuart Piggott's *APPROACH TO ARCHAEOLOGY*. Professor Piggott begins by explaining how archaeology differs from history; what the archaeologist is trying to do; and how he is helped by modern scientists. He then tackles some of the simpler problems of archaeology in practice. The one question he does not answer is the one that I myself long to ask him: "Here I am, on a site, with a spade in my hand, and no experience at all; how do I start?" But I suspect that Professor Piggott's answer—indeed, he hints in the course of this book that inexperience can be disastrous—might well be: "For heaven's sake, leave it alone until you can set an expert to work, and then do just what he tells you!"

Last week I wrote enthusiastically about a book on mountaineering written by a non-mountaineer to whom the surviving members of an expedition had told their story. This week, sadly

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

confirming the general judgment which I then ventured to pronounce, I was much disappointed with an explorer's personal account of two of the most interesting and important expeditions of this or any other century. George Lowe, a New Zealander who accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary both on his successful attempt on Everest and on his "jaunt" to the South Pole, makes very little of his narrative of these experiences, BECAUSE IT IS THERE. I am sorry to have to say

tongue like old port or cigar smoke. My head began to nod gently, long before it was time to join the ladies.

It will be a long time, I dare say, before I shall be able to exhibit, as does Mr. Charles Ritz—yes, he is the well-known *hôteleur*—in *A FLY FISHER'S LIFE*, photograph after photograph of myself holding large, gleaming, and no doubt slimy monsters. But I like to fancy myself at it. And fishing jargon is less tedious to the uninitiated than the jargon of some other sports. Moreover, fishermen are men of philosophy, culture and charm. If you doubt this, get Mr. Ritz's book and read the fifth part, entitled "Reminiscences." If you remain uncharmed, you are a curmudgeon, and Mr. Ritz will catch you next time he goes fishing, and put you in a frying-pan! (Or can I, just possibly, be thinking of "gudgeon"?)

Give me Agatha Christie every time! Her *CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS* seems to me to be a distinct improvement on her last two thrillers—and of how many crime writers with so many successes to their credit could that be said? The setting is an extremely expensive girls' school, and my only criticism would be that the genius of a headmistress is very careless indeed when it comes to engaging teaching staff. Some of the girls, too, are not quite the little ladies they purport to be—but if Meadowbank had been, let us say, R—d—n or W—st—nb—rt, I doubt very much if three people would have been murdered, two of them in the sports pavilion!

I don't know that I care for sultry novels about fictitious islands in the West Indies, even if very few of the characters talk the language which has now become familiar to us owing to the work of the chroniclers of Notting Hill. I was a good deal more interested in old uncle Nicholas Stacey than in his adopted daughter Eleanor and her lover Jim. All these people lived on Cayuna, a habitat kindly provided for them by John Hearne in *THE AUTUMN EQUINOX*. Jim and his partner Peter were supposed to be operating an illegal printing press on behalf of what have now ceased to be known as the Cuban "insurgents," but their eye was not kept too closely on the ball. (All that sultriness, I suppose.)

This week, it is almost impossible to get away from Germans. But I do not propose to waste much time on Miss Yvonne Mitchell's poet Karl, who is no real use at anything. He is a Jew, of course, and a refugee from Hitler's Germany—he does not seem to have been much of a success at being a refugee, either, and had to be cosseted by his younger brother Erik—and he lives despondently in *THE BED-SITTER*, having a platonic affair with an unsuccessful little actress. She leads him down the garden path, and there we are. As shapeless as a badly-tied pony-tail.

As for Mr. Hamilton Basso's *THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL*, I am afraid that I have had as much as I can take of the Southern States at the time of the Civil War. Long, long romances about beautifully brought-up—sometimes, now that I recall "Gone With the Wind," not so beautifully brought-up—young ladies, shedding noble tears, pall in the end. Mr. Basso's book is not quite as conventional as I have made it sound. He can handle both character and situation with much deftness. Nevertheless, when I read the final words of the book, "There'll be another Light Infantry Ball," my heart sank as I inwardly agreed that, yes, there probably would.

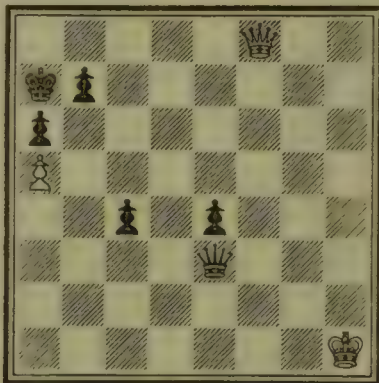
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FROM the psychological point of view, a game of chess is never so dangerously poised as when it is, to all intents, easily won. In common with many players, I myself am far more nervous with a won game than a lost one; far more nervous when leading a tournament than when battling up from several places down.

The greatest players are not immune from the narcotic effect of the *fait accompli*.

Look what happened to Reshevsky once in the U.S. Championship:

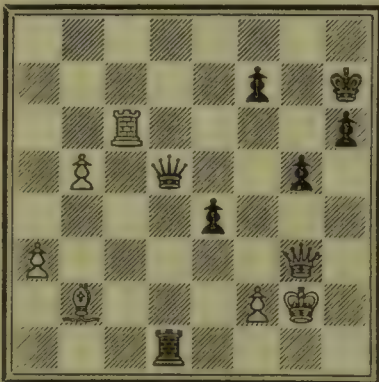


Three pawns up . . . not a scrap of play left; you could almost picture him yawning as he moved to produce this position.

White moved Q-B2!!!—forcing . . . Q×Q. Stalemate! Drawn game.

In the Candidates' Tournament just finished, Smyslov outplayed Tal in each game he had White. In the second, he reached this position; with a piece for a pawn, it is just too easy.

Black



White

38. Q-K5?? R-KKt8ch!!

39. K-R2

For if 39. K×R, Q-Q8ch forces perpetual check from (Q8), KB6 or KR4 as necessary.

39. . . .

R-KR8ch

40. K-Kt2

R-KKt8ch

Drawn!

this, because Mr. Lowe sounds such a very good chap. But his talent for understatement reduces even Everest to the flatness of the southern ice.

The best thing about Sir Thomas Beecham's *FREDERICK DELIUS* is the delightful dedication: "To the memory of a beloved companion, brave and beautiful, gracious and gay, to whom the music of Delius was ever a joy and a mystery." Although the composer's life is interesting, it would not, I think, have been worth writing about had it not been for his music. Moreover, Sir Thomas is a somewhat rumbustious author, full of rather old-fashioned *clichés*, rolled round the

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE OWL OF MINERVA, by Gustav Regler. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 30s.)

THE FEAR MAKERS. Anonymous. (Joseph; 16s.)

GOODBYE DOLLY GRAY, by Rayne Kruger. (Cassell; 30s.)

APPROACH TO ARCHAEOLOGY, by Stuart Piggott. (A. and C. Black; 15s.)

BECAUSE IT IS THERE, by George Lowe. (Cassell; 21s.)

FREDERICK DELIUS, by Sir Thomas Beecham. (Hutchinson; 30s.)

A FLY FISHER'S LIFE, by Charles Ritz. (Reinhardt; 45s.)

CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS, by Agatha Christie. (Collins; 12s. 6d.)

THE AUTUMN EQUINOX, by John Hearne. (Faber; 15s.)

THE BED-SITTER, by Yvonne Mitchell. (Barker; 9s. 6d.)

THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL, by Hamilton Basso. (Collins; 16s.)



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working, playing - she and her family are using steel almost all the time.

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3. Cupboard
4. Saucepans
5. Can opener
6. Kitchen implements
7. Switches
8. Electric iron
9. Toaster
10. Coffee percolator
11. Cooker
12. Spin dryer
13. Washing machine
14. Mixer
15. Sieve
16. Mixing bowl
17. Scales
18. Kitchen knife
19. Stool
20. Toy bus
21. Kitchen unit
22. Sink
23. Colander
24. Taps
25. Electric kettle
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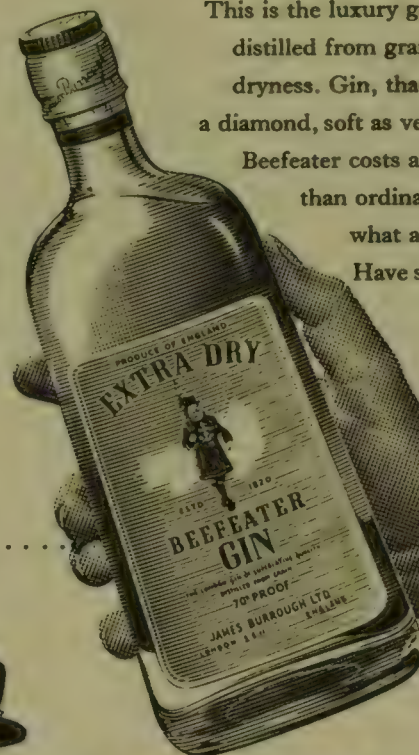
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John Milton

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Mellow as candlelight; rare as a white Christmas, Grand Marnier is the only fine champagne cognac liqueur. Don't you deserve a bottle yourself?



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A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 39/3 carriage paid; subsequent supplies at £10. 16. 0. per doz. bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

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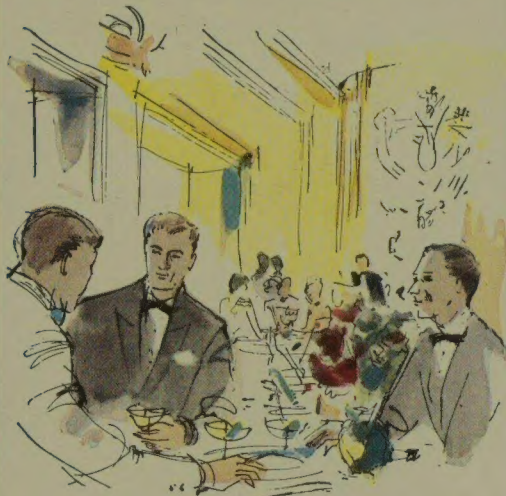
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These people all believe in plenty of fresh air and having a good holiday while crossing the Atlantic.



The man in the motor business was lucky. His American friends invited him to a conference in America.



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Men who must travel a great deal find that the best way to cross the Atlantic on a business trip is by sea. A sea voyage is a tonic, an easy, lazy, fresh-air life—true luxurious living.

Luxurious is the only word for it—especially when you travel by United States Lines. The two liners, the “United States” and the “America,” are in the tradition of the world’s most famous hotels—the last word in comfort and service, together with pressure-free informality.

The result is as good as a holiday. It means, for a businessman, a completely refreshed outlook and a new store of energy to help you “get cracking” on the business that lies ahead.

But perhaps the best reason of all for making your business trip by U.S. Lines is the prospect of spending a few days in the company of American businessmen, the

men who can best put you in the picture about American ideas and answer your many questions about the American business point of view. Chances are, some of these men may turn out to be the sort of contacts you were hoping to make when you get there.

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